

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE



AIR BRANCH

SONG BOOK

Seafaring and other Songs



STRENGTH in RESERVE

Founded 16 July 1980

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AIR BRANCH

SONG BOOK

Seafaring and other Songs

First Edition
for
MAN'DY LIFEBOATS

This book was initially produced for members of the Royal Cruising Club (RCC).
The RNR Air Branch wish to thank

The RCC
For allowing it to be published in this format.

Westland Helicopters
For their help in the production of this book.

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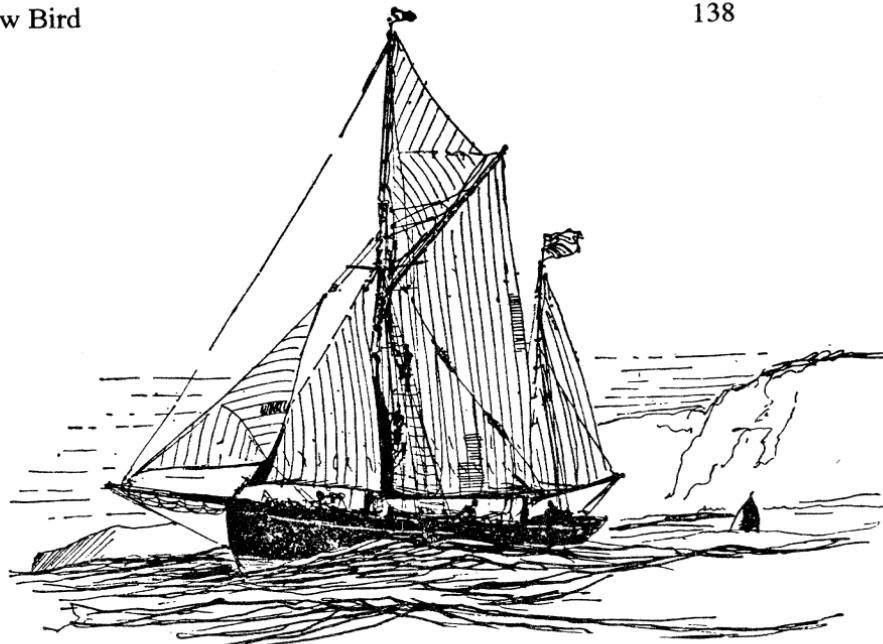
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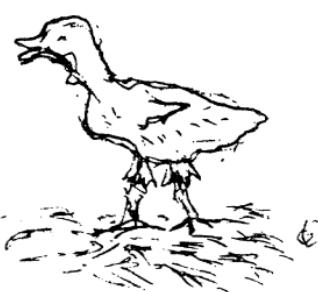
ALOUETTE

*Alouette, Gentille Alouette
Alouette, Je te plumerai*

Leader: Je te plumerai la tête
Chorus: Je te plumerai la tête
Leader: Et la tête
Chorus: Et la tête
Leader: Alouette
Chorus: Alouette
Ohhh.....

Chorus

- le bec-
- les yeux-
- le nez-
- les pattes-
- les ailes-
- le cou-
- le dos-
- les jambes-
- les pieds-
- la bazoombaza-



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o'kindess yet
For auld lang syne!*

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit'
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus:

And here's a hand, my trysty frien'
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne.

Chorus:

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

Chorus:

BILLY BOY

Women. Where have you been all the day Billy Boy, Billy Boy
where have you been all the day me 'charming' Billy Boy?

Men. *I've been walking all the day with the lovely Nancy Grey
and, Nancy tickles the fancy of your charming Billy Boy.*

Women. Is she fit to be your wife Billy Boy, Billy Boy
is she fit to be your wife me Billy Boy?

Men. *She's as fit to be me wife as the fork is to the knife
and, Nancy tickles the fancy of your charming Billy Boy.*

Women. Can she cook a bit of steak Billy Boy, Billy Boy
can she cook a bit of a steak me Billy Boy?

Men. *She can cook a bit of steak yes and make a griddle cake
and, Nancy tickles the fancy of your charming Billy Boy.*

Women. Can she make an Irish stew Billy Boy, Billy Boy
can she make an Irish stew me 'greedy' Boy?

Men. *She can make an Irish stew yes and singing hinnies too
and, Nancy tickles me fancy when I've had enough of you.*

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

On a summer day in the month of May
A burly bum came hiking
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane;
He was looking for his liking.
As he roamed along he sang his song
Of the land of milk and honey,
Where a bum can stay for many a day,
And he won't need any money.

*Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
Near the soda water fountain
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings
On the big rock candy mountain.*

There's a lake of gin we can both jump in
And the handouts grow on bushes;
In the new-mown hay we can sleep all day,
And the bars all have free lunches.
Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops
And the folks are tender hearted,
Where you never change your socks and you never throw rocks,
And your hair is never parted.

Chorus



Big Rock Candy Mountain (cont.)

Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run,
To that hay field they were bounding.
Said the bum to the son, "Why don't you come
To that big rock candy mountain?"
So the very next day they hiked away,
The mile posts they kept counting,
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide
On the big rock candy mountain.

Chorus



BE KIND TO YOUR WEB-FOOTED FRIENDS

[Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever, as far as it goes!]

Be kind to your web-footed friends,
For the duck may be somebody's mother
Be kind to the denizens of the swamp.

Be kind to your old umbrella,
For some day it may be under the weather;
Be kind to your old pair of shoes.

Be kind to your fur-bearing friends,
For a skunk may be somebody's brother;
Be kind to your friends with the stripe.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man

How many seas must a white dove sail

Before she sleeps in the sand

How many times must the cannon balls fly

Before they're forever banned

The answer my friend is blowing in the wind

The answer is blowing in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist

Before it is washed to the sea

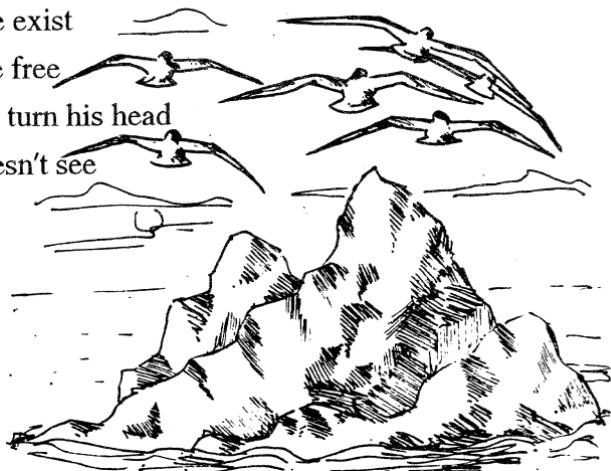
How many years can people exist

Before they're allowed to be free

How many times can a man turn his head

And pretend that he just doesn't see

Chorus



How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky

How many years must one man have

Before he can hear people cry

How many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died

Chorus

BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

Chorus

One day he rode around the farm;
The flies so numerous they did swarm.
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,-
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

Chorus

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch.
He died, and the jury wondered why-
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

Chorus

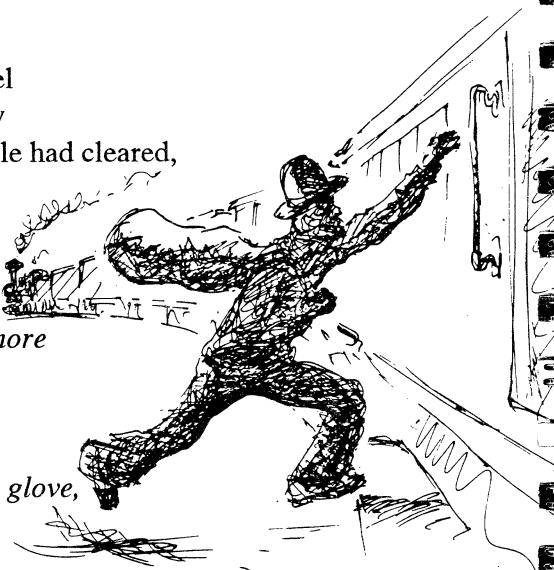
They laid him under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph is there to see;
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
A victim of the blue-tail fly."

Chorus

CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew dismayed the crew
Or troubled the captain's mind;
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

*Then blow ye winds, heigh-ho!
A-roving I will go!
I'll stay no more in England's shore
So let the music play-ay-ay!
I'm off for the morning train!
I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
Ten thousand miles away!*



The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the raging gale.

Chorus

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined, in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the cre-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross-buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

Chorus

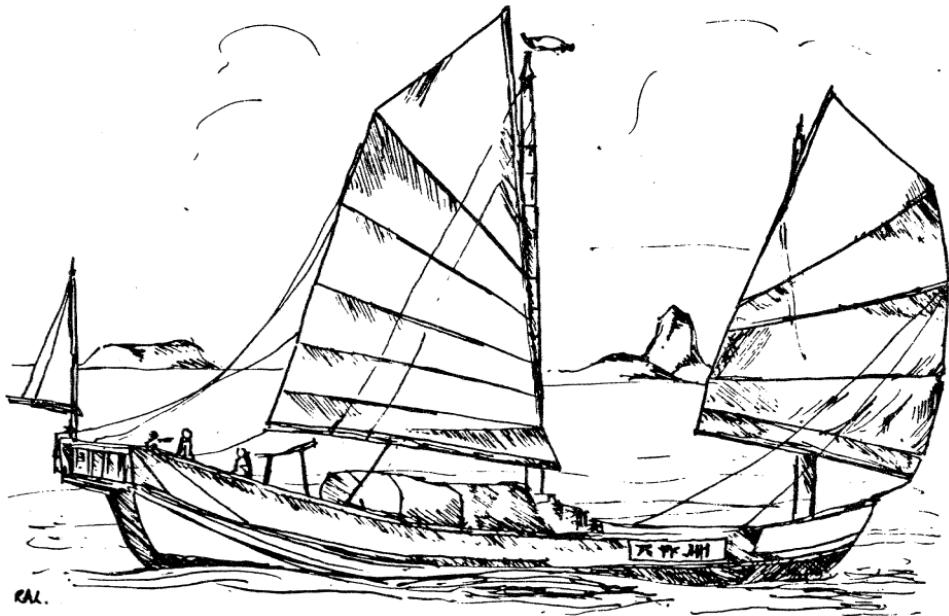
Capital ship (cont.)

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Popoo smiles;
And the rubbly Ugbugs roar,
And we sat at the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

Chorus

On the Rugbug bark, from morn till dark
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Chorus



BLOW THE MAN DOWN



Solo: Blow the man down bullies,
blow the man down

Chorus: *Wa-ay, blow the man down*

Solo: Blow the man down bullies,
blow the man down

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

Solo: As I was a-walking down Paradise Street

Chorus: *Wa-ay blow the man down*

Solo: A saucy young damsel I chanced for to meet

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

Solo: She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow

Chorus: *Wa-ay blow the man down*

Solo: So I took in all sail and cried "Way enough now"

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

Solo: I say to her "Polly and how d'you do?"

Chorus: *Wa-ay blow the man down*

Solo: She say "None the better for meetin' of you"

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

Solo: Oh it's tinkers and tailors and sailors is men

Chorus: *Wa-ay blow the man down*

Solo: And we're all of us coming to see you again

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

Solo: So we'll blow the man up and we'll blow the man down

Chorus: *Wa-ay blow the man down*

Solo: And we'll blow him away into Liverpool town

Chorus: *Oh gimme some time to blow the man down*

A-ROVING

In Plymouth town there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Plymouth town there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade.

*I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.*

Similarly

I took this fair maid for a walk,
And we had such a loving talk.



Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's a wealth of hair upon her head.

I put my arm around her waist,
She said, "Young man, you're in great haste!"

I took this fair maid on my knee,
She said, "Young man, you're rather free!"

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

*Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine*

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine

Chorus

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Chorus



Clementine (cont.)

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine,
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

Chorus

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

Chorus

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked with brine;
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

Chorus

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine.
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine

Chorus



COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes
She'll be coming round the mountain, coming round the mountain,
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes

*Singing - I will if you will so will I
I will if you will so will I
I will if you will so will I
I will if you will l will if you will
I will if you will so will I*

Similarly

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes

Chorus

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes

Chorus

She's got a lovely bottom set of teeth

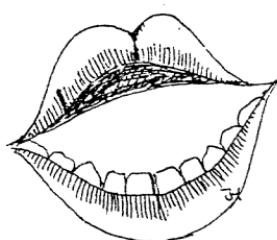
Chorus

I would like to pinch her bottom set of teeth

Chorus

She's got a lovely Naval uniform

Chorus

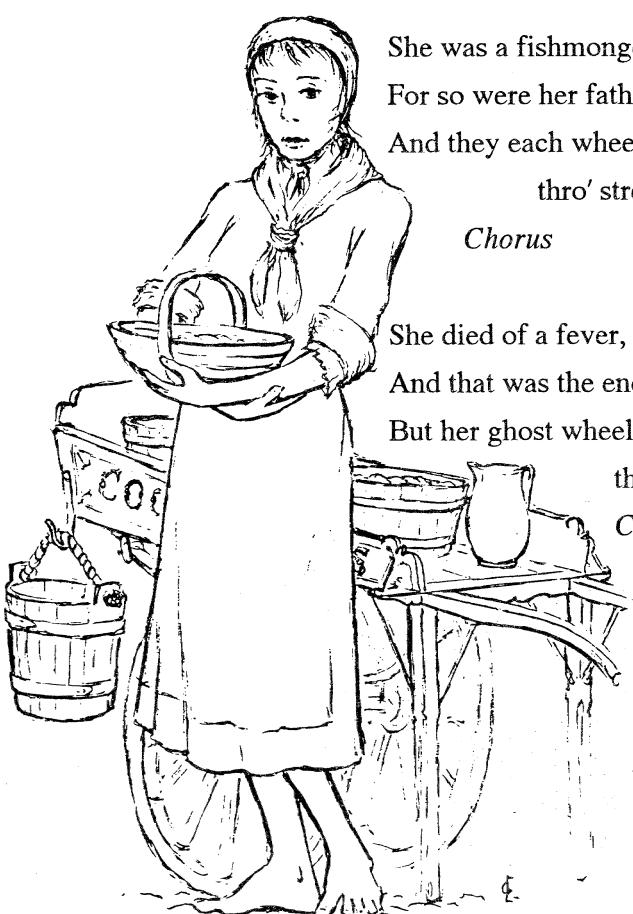


MOLLY MALONE

(Cockles and Mussels)

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
thro' streets broad and narrow,

*Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive O
Alive', alive O, Alive alive O
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive O*



She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
thro' streets broad and narrow,

Chorus

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
thro' streets broad and narrow,

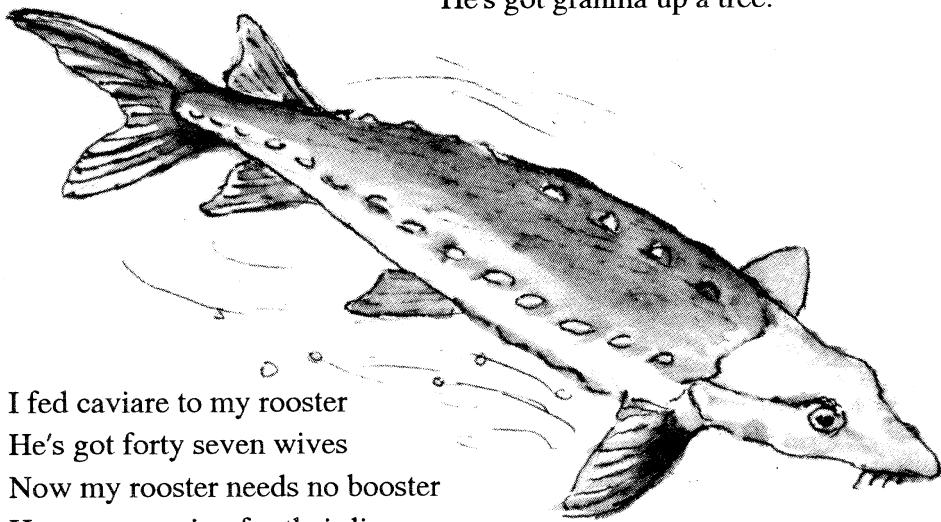
Chorus

CAVIARE

Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon.
Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviare is my dish.

I fed caviare to my sister
She was virgin pure and shy
Now she stands in Piccadilly
Selling what men want to buy.

I fed caviare to my grandpa
He is nigh on ninety three
Screams are coming from the garden
He's got granma up a tree.



I fed caviare to my rooster
He's got forty seven wives
Now my rooster needs no booster
Hens are running for their lives.

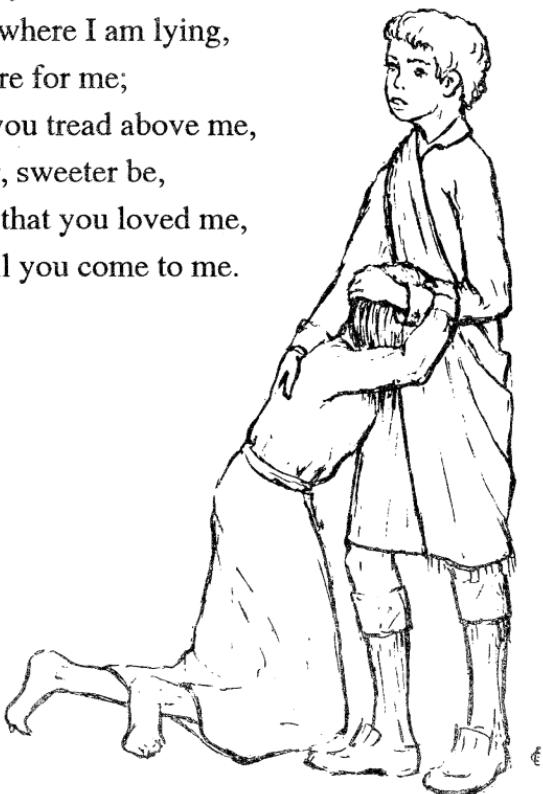
I fed caviare to my uncle
He'd been sterile all his life
Now he has twenty seven children
Thank the Lord I'm not his wife.



DANNY BOY

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide,
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so.

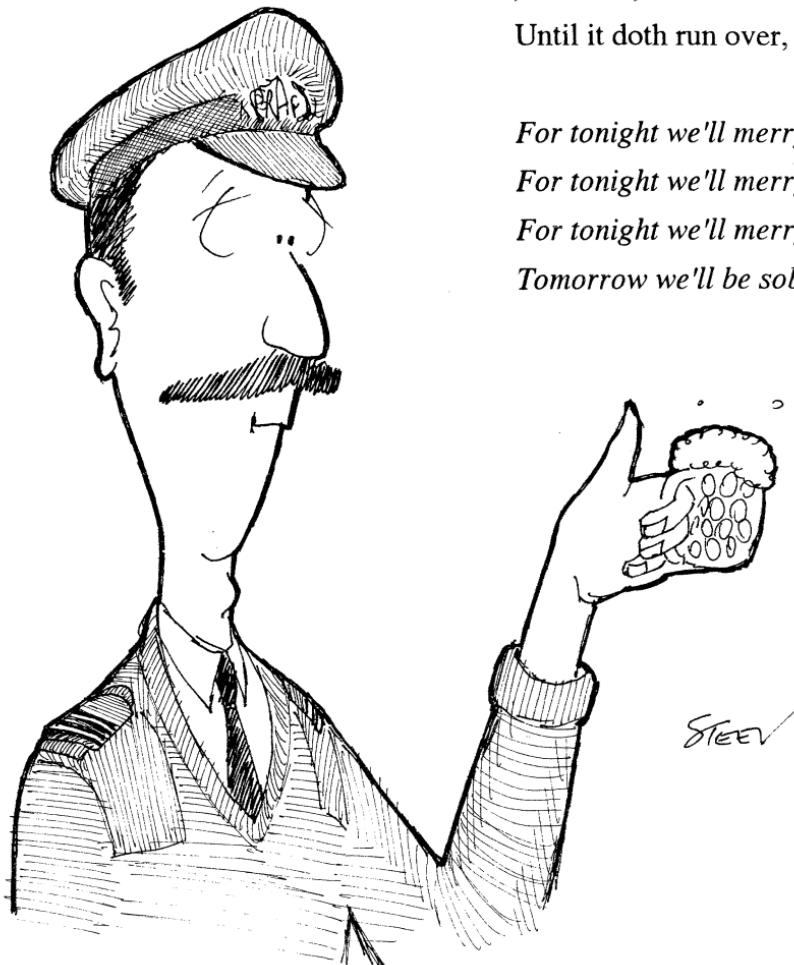
But when ye come and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you loved me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.



COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,

*For tonight we'll merry, merry be
For tonight we'll merry, merry be
For tonight we'll merry, merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober*



The man who drinks small beer
And goes to bed quite sober (x2)
Fadeth as the leaves do fade (x3)
That drop off in October (x1)

Chorus

Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl cont.

The man who drinketh strong beer

And goes to bed right mellow (x2)

Liveth as he ought to live (x3)

And dies a jolly good fellow (x1)

Chorus

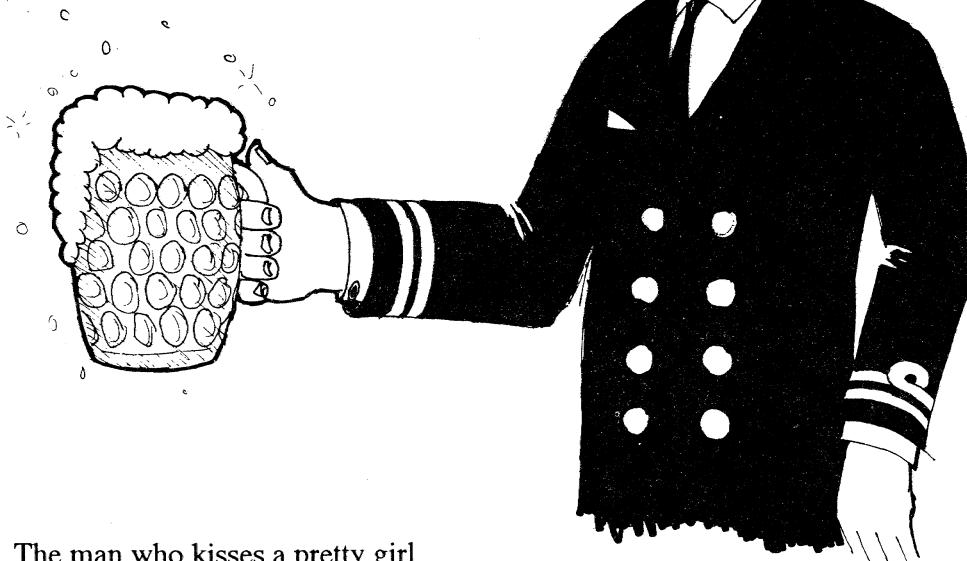
But he who drinks just what he likes

And getteth half seas over (x2)

He will live until he dies (x3)

And then lie down in clover (x1)

Chorus



The man who kisses a pretty girl

And goes and tells his mother (x2)

Ought to have his lips cut off (x3)

And never kiss another (x1)

Chorus

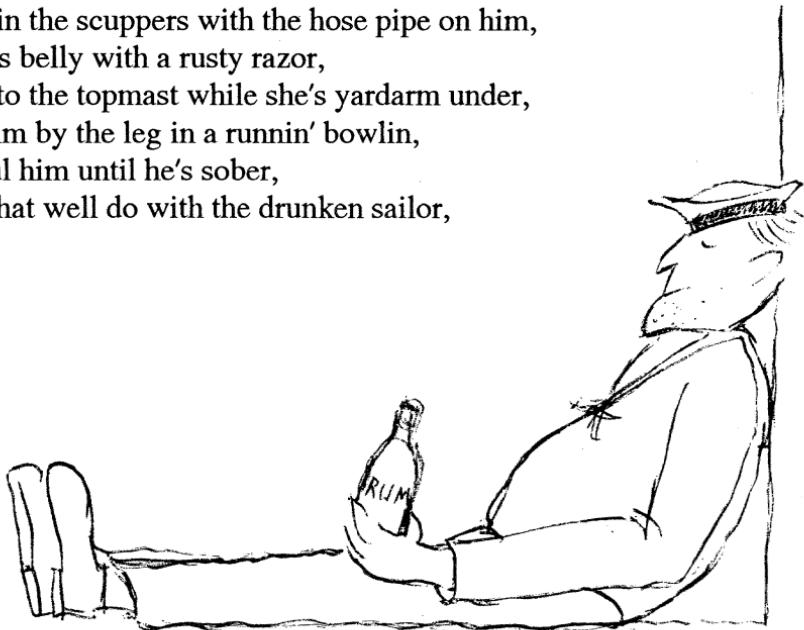
DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Ear-ly in the morning.

*Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Hoo-ray and up she rises,
Ear-ly in the morning.*

Similarly (each line x3 followed by chorus)

Soak him with a hosepipe until he's sober,
Put him in the long boat till he's sober,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it,
Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale her,
Tie him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Tie him to the topmast while she's yardarm under,
Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin',
Keel haul him until he's sober,
That's what well do with the drunken sailor,



THE FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

O flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those dearly held.

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again.

O flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.
Out of this union there came three;
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

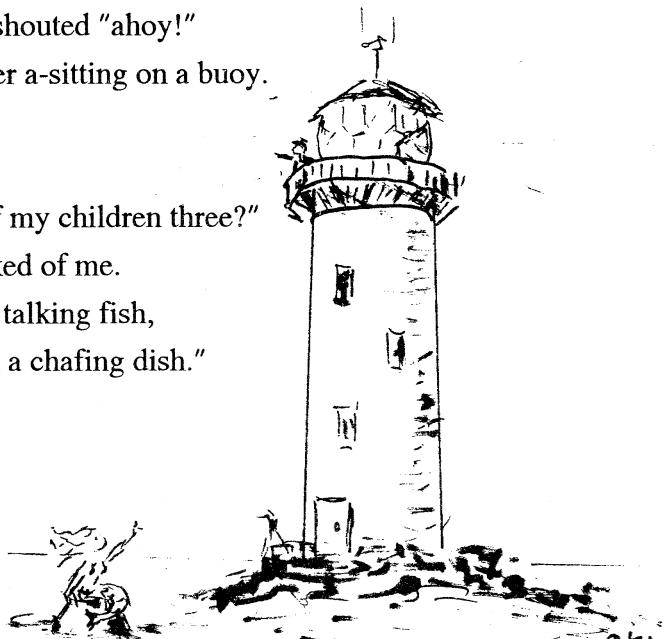
*Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the rolling sea.*

One night as I was a-trimming of the glim,
A-singing a verse from the evening hymn,
A voice from starboard shouted "ahoy!"
And there was me mother a-sitting on a buoy.

Chorus

"Oh what has become of my children three?"
My mother, then she asked of me.
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served on a chafing dish."

Chorus



The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoing out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light!"

KEEPER OF THE LONDON ZOO

[Tune: Keeper of the Eddystone Light]

My father was the keeper of the London Zoo,
And he slept one night with a kangaroo.
From this union there came three,
A wallaby and a wombat and the other was me.

*The monkeys chatter the whole night through,
Oh, for the life in the London Zoo.*

I went to a carnival one fine night,
Went into a tent to see a fight.
And as the bell went ting-a-ling,
I saw my mother standing in the ring.

Chorus

"What has become of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
"One was employed as a pogo stick,
And the other was given a bishopric."

Chorus

Her chin connected with a flashing right,
When I looked again she was out like a light.
I heard her mutter as she came to,
"To hell with the keeper of the London Zoo!"



FOX

Fox went out on a summer's night, prayed to the moon to give him light
He'd many a mile to go that night before he reached the town-o

Town-o town-o,

He'd many a mile to go that night before he reached the town-o

He ran till he came to a great big bin, the ducks and the geese were
kept therein

A couple of you will grease my chin before I leave the town-o

Town-o town-o,

A couple of you will grease my chin before I leave the town-o

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck, throwed a duck across his back
He didn't mind their quack quack quack or their legs all dangling down-o

Down-o down-o,

He didn't mind their quack quack quack or their legs all dangling down-o

Old mother Flipper flop jumped out of bed, out of the window shoved
her head

Crying John John the grey goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o

Town-o town-o,

Crying John John the grey goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o

Fox (cont.)

John he ran to the top of the hill, blowed his horn both loud and shrill
Fox he said I'd better flee with my kill or they'll soon be on my trail-o

Trail-o trail-o,

Fox he said I'd better flee with my kill or or they'll soon be on my trail-o

He ran till he came to his cosy den, there were the little ones eight
nine ten

They said daddy better go back again coz it must be a mighty fine
town-o

Town-o town-o

They said daddy better go back again coz it must be a mighty fine town-o

Then the fox and his wife without any strife, cut up the goose with a
fork and a knife

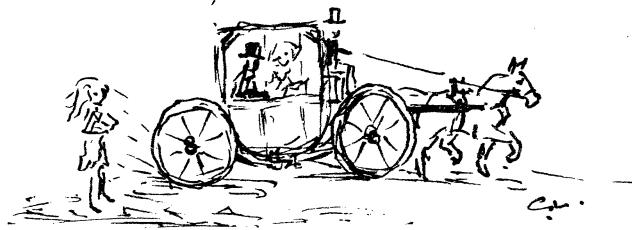
They never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed
on the bones-o

Bones-o bones-o,

*they never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed on
the bones-o*

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself
And I worked at the weaver's trade.
The only only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time and in the winter too.
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to save her from the foggy foggy dew.



One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep
She put her head upon my bed
And she began to weep
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died
And said "What shall I do?"
So I took her into bed and covered up her head
Just to save her from the foggy foggy dew

Now I am a bachelor and so is my son
And we work at the weavers' trade.
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too
And the many many many many many times
That I saved her from the foggy foggy dew.

FIDDLERS' GREEN

As I walked down the dockside one evening so fair
For to view the fair scene and to take the salt air
I heard an old sailor man singing this song,
Singing, take me away boys, me time is not long.

*Oh, wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old ship mates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you some day at Fiddlers' Green.*

Now Fiddlers' Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where sailors go if they don't go to hell,
Where the weather is easy and the fishes do play,
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away,

Chorus

Oh the seas they are easy, there's never a gale,
And the fish jump aboard with a one swish of their tail,
And the ship's up together, there's no work to do,
And the skipper's below, making tea for the crew.

Chorus

Don't give me a harp or a halo, not me!
Just give me a ship and a good rolling sea,
And I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along,
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

Chorus

FROG HE WOULD A - WOOING GO

The frog he would a-wooing go,
"Hey Ho!" said Rolly
The frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

So off he went with his opera hat,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
And on the road he met with a rat,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

And then they went to the Mouses' hall,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
Where they gave a loud knock and gave a loud call,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

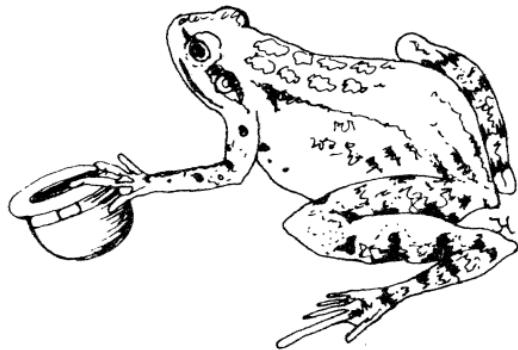
Now as they went a-merry making,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

Frog He Would A-Wooing Go (cont.)

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
So he took up his hat and he bade them goodnight,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.

But as the froggie was crossing the brook,
"Hey Ho" said Rolly,
A big white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rolly poly gammon and spinach
"Hey Ho" said Antony Rolly.



FROZEN LOGGER

As I sat down one evening
'Twas in a small café
A forty-year-old waitress
To me these words did say.

I see that you are a logger
And not just a common bum,
Because nobody but a logger
Stirs coffee with his thumb.

I had a logger lover,
There's none like him today
If you poured whisky on it
He could eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved his whiskers
From off of his horny hide;
Just drove them in with a hammer
And bit them off inside.

He visited me one evening
One cold and stormy day;
He held me in a fond embrace
Which broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted
So hard that he broke my jaw;
I could not speak to tell him
He'd forgotten his mackinaw.



Frozen Logger (cont.)

And so my lover left me
Sauntering through the snow,
Going gaily homeward
At forty eight below.

The weather it tried to freeze him
It did its level best;
At a hundred degrees below zero,
He buttoned up his vest.

It froze right through the windows
It froze to the stars above;
At a thousand degrees below zero
It froze my logger love.

They tried in vain to thaw him
And if you'll believe it, sir,
They made him into axe blades
To cut the Douglas fir.

And so I lost my lover
And to this café I come
And it's here I wait till someone
Stirs his coffee with his thumb.

GALWAY BAY

If you've ever been across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of the day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream
The women in the meadows making hay
Then, sit beside a turf fire in the cabin
And watch the barefoot children at their play.

For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland
They are perfumed by the heather as they blow
And the women in the uplands diggin' taties,
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

And the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways,
They hated us for being what we are
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's going to be
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven
In that dear old land across the Irish sea.



DRINKING SONG [Student Prince]

Ein, zwei, drei, vier, lift your stein and drink your beer.

Drink, drink, drink to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the
tree,

Drink, drink, drink to eyes that are bright as stars when they're
shining o'er me,

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
Lovingly, longingly soon into mine.

May those lips that are red and sweet,
Tonight with joy my own to meet.

Drink, drink, let the toasts start,

Drink, drink, may young hearts ne'er part,

Drink, drink, drink, let every true love salute his sweetheart.

DRINK DRINK!

Drink, drink, drink to arms that are wide and warm as the rose in the
sun,

Drink, drink, drink, that you will love only one and that I am the one
Here's a hope that those soft arms will twine,

Tenderly, trustingly, soon around mine.

All I ask is the right to see,

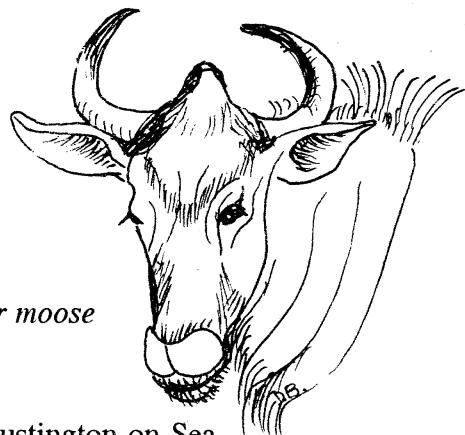
Those smiling eyes beguiling me.

Chorus

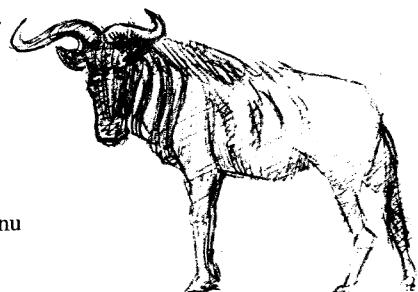
GNU SONG

A year ago last Thursday I was strolling at the Zoo
When I met a man who thought he know a lot,
He was laying down the law about the habits of baboons
And how many quills a porcupine has got
So I asked him "What's that creature there?"
And he answered "It's an Elk"
And I'd have gone on thinking that was true
If the animal in question hadn't put that chap to shame
And said "I ain't an Elk I'm a Gnu."

*I'm a Gnu, I'm a Gnu
The gnicest work of gnature at the zoo
I'm a Gnu, How do you do?
You really ought to know who's who
I'm a Gnu, spelt G N U
I'm not a camel or a kangaroo
So let me introduce, I'm gneither man or moose
Oh gno, gno, gno, I'm a gnu.*



I had taken summer lodgings down at Rustington-on-Sea
From whence I travelled to Ashton-under-Lyne,
And the second night I stayed there I was wakened from a dream
Which I'll tell you all about some other time.
Among the hunting trophies on the wall above my bed
Stuffed and mounted was a face I thought I knew,
A Bison? An Okapi? Could it be a Hartebeeste?
Then I seemed to hear a voice "I'm a Gnu".
Chorus



A Gnother Gnu

GLORY GLORY ALLELUJAH (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

*Glory glory allelujah
Glory glory allelujah
Glory glory allelujah
His truth is marching on*

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;
Our God is marching on

*Glory glory allelujah (x3)
Our God is marching on*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgement seat;
O be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on

*Glory glory allelujah (x3)
Our God is marching on*

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be his footstool, and the sand of time his slave;
Our God is marching on

*Glory glory allelujah (x3)
Our God is marching on*

GOLDEN VANITY

There was a ship that sailed upon the lowland sea,
And the name of our ship was the Golden Vanity,
And we feared she would be taken by the Spanish enemy,
As we sailed upon the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
We sailed upon the Lowland sea.

Then up spoke our cabin boy, and boldly out spoke he,
And he said to our Captain, "What will you give to me,
If I swim alongside of the Spanish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

"Oh I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
And my own fair young daughter your bonny bride shall be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Spanish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."

Then the boy he made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Spanish enemy,
And with his brace and auger in her side he bored holes three,
And sank her in the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
And sank her in the Lowland sea.

Then quickly he swam back to the cheering of the crew,
But the Captain would not heed him, for his promise he did rue,
And he scorned his poor entreatings when loudly he did sue,
And left him in the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
And left him in the Lowland sea.

Then roundabout he turned and swam to the port side
And up to his messmates, full bitterly he cried,
"Oh messmates, draw me up, for I'm drifting in the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
I'm sinking in the Lowland sea." 36

Golden Vanity (cont.)

Then his messmates drew him up, but on the deck he died,
And they stitched him up in his hammock which was so fair and white,
And they lowered him overboard, and he dropped with the tide,
And sank into the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
And he sank into the Lowland sea.



GOODNIGHT LADIES

Goodnight ladies!
Goodnight ladies!
Goodnight ladies!
We're going' to leave you now.

*Merrily we roll along
Roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along
O'er the dark blue sea.*



Farewell laddies!
Farewell laddies!
Farewell laddies!
You're going to leave us now.
Chorus



Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies
We're going to leave you now.
Chorus

GO TO SEA NO MORE

When first I landed in Liverpool I went upon the spree,
Me hard earned cash I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be.
And when me money was all spent, 'twas when I wanted more,
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more.

Once more, once more, once more me lads once more,
(Then repeat last line of verse)

I took up with a Lime Street girl, too drunk to roll in bed,
And when I woke in the morning, with me watch and money she'd fled,
And as I walked the streets abroad, the floozies all did roar,
There goes young Jacko, the sailorman who must to go sea once more.

Chorus

As I wuz rolling down the street I met ol' Rapper Brown,
I asked him if he would take me in, but he answered with a frown,
Says he, "Last time you was paid off with me you ran up the score,
But I'll give you a chance, then I'll take your advance, and send you to
sea once more.

Chorus

He shipped me aboard of a whaling ship bound out for Arctic seas,
Where the cold winds blow, and there's ice and snow, and your ration
of rum would freeze,
But sad to hear, I'd no hard weather gear, 'cos I spent all me money
ashore,
'Twas then that I wished that I was dead, so I'd go to sea no more.

Chorus

Come all you bold seafaring men, and listen to me song,
When you come off of them long long trips I'll tell you what goes wrong,
Take my advice, drink no strong wine an' set up with no whores,
Get married lads, have all night in and go to sea no more.

No more, no more, no more me lads, no more.

GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

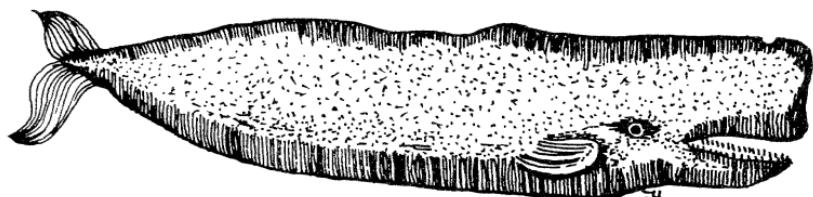
"Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three
of June the thirteenth day
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed
And to Greenland sailed away, brave boys,
To Greenland sailed away.

The lookout on the crosstrees stood
With a spyglass in his hand
"There's a whale, there's a whale,
There's a whale fish" he cried
And she blows on every hand, brave boys,
She blows on every hand, brave boys,
She blows on every hand.

We struck that whale and the line paid out
But the whale made a flounder with her tail
And the boat capsized and four men were drowned
And we never caught the whale.

"To lose a whale" the captain said
"It grieves my heart full sore.
But to lose four of my gallant men
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more."

Oh Greenland is a deadly place
A land that's never green,
Where there's ice and snow and the whale fishes below,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
The daylight's seldom seen.



LEAVE HER JOHNNY, LEAVE HER

Oh, the times is hard, an' the wages low,

Leave her Johnny leave her,

But now once more ashore we'll go,

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Oh! leave her Johny, leave her,

Oh! leave her Johny leave her!

For the voyage is done, an' the winds don't blow,

An' it's

time for us to leave her.

Oh, I thought I heard the Ol' Man say

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

Tomorrow ye will get your pay

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

The work was hard an' the voyage was long

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

The sea was high an' the gales was strong.

An' it's tme for us to leave her!

Chorus

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

She shipped it green an' none went by.

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

The Old Man swears and the mate swears too,

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

The crew all swear an' so would you.

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

Leave Her Johnny Leave Her (cont.)

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

With all night in an' plenty o' ale.

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

Leave her, Johnny and we'll work no more,

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

Of pump or drown' we've had full store.

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

I thought I heard the Old Man say,

Leave her, Johnny leave her!

Just one more pull and then belay.

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus

I HOLD YOUR HAND IN MINE

I hold your hand in mine dear

I press it to my lips

I take a healthy bite from your dainty fingertips.

My joy would be complete, dear

If you were only here

But still I keep your hand as a precious souvenir.

The night you died I cut it off

I really don't know why

For now each time I kiss it

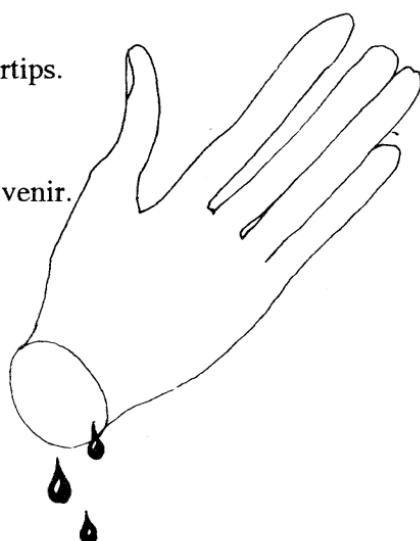
I get bloodstains on my tie.

I'm sorry now I killed you

For our love was something fine

But until they come to get me

I will hold your hand in mine.



HAUL AWAY, JOE

When I was a little lad,
And so my mother told me,

*Way, haul away,
We'll haul away, Joe.*

That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would grow all mouldy.

*Way, haul away,
We'll haul away, Joe*

Similarly

King Louis was the King of France
Before the revolution
But he got his head cut off
Which spoiled his constitution.

Oh, once I had a Cornish girl
And she was fat and lazy,
Then I got a Essex gal,
She damn near drove me crazy.

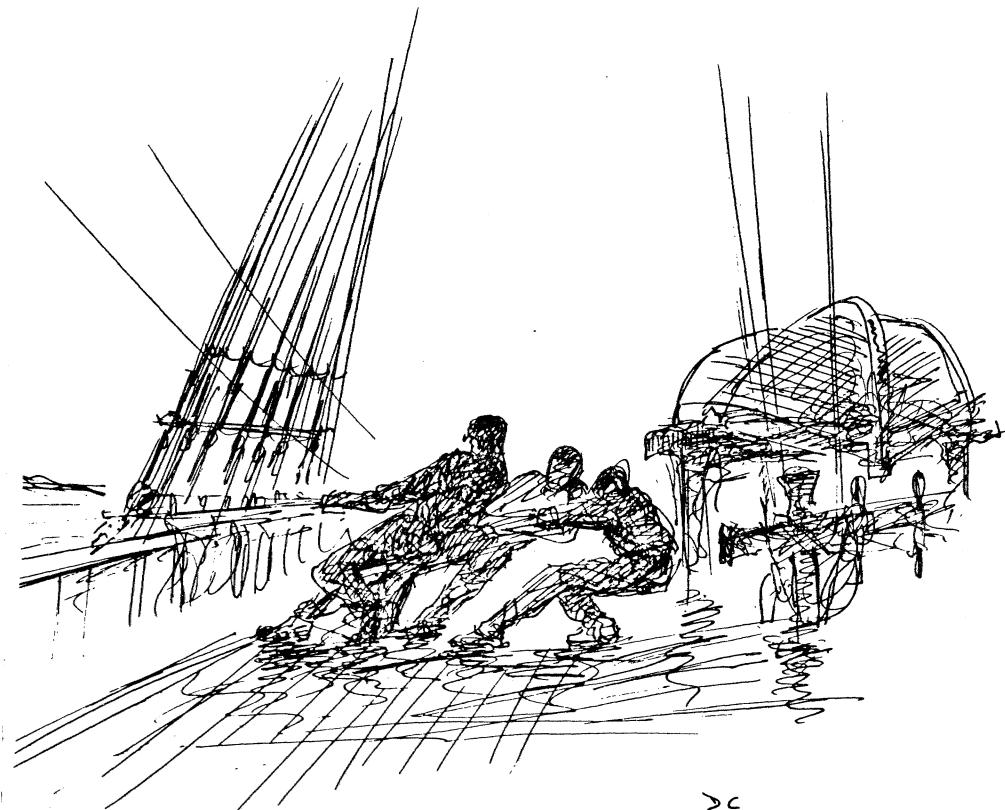
So I got a Chinese girl
And she was kind and tender,
She left me for a Portugee,
So young and rich and slender.

Oh, once I was in Ireland,
A-digging turf and tatties,
But now I'm in a Yankee ship
A-hauling on sheets and braces.

Haul Away, Joe (cont.)

The cook is in the galley,
Making duff so handy,
And the captains' in his cabin
Drinkin' wine and brandy.

Way, haul away,
We'll haul away together.
Way, haul away,
We'll haul for better weather

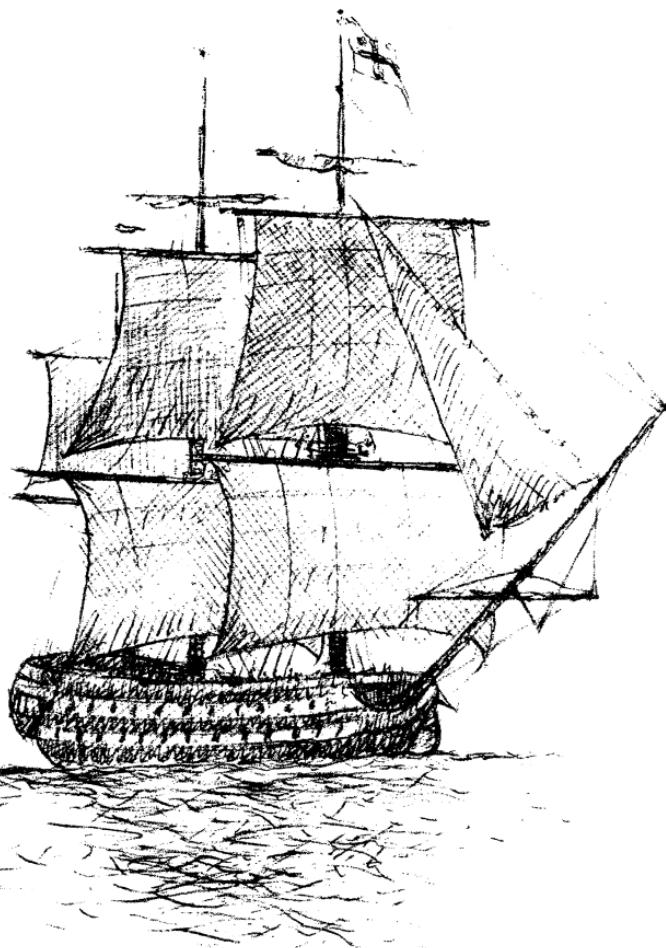


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HEART OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;
To honour we call you as free men, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

*Heart of Oak are our ships! Jolly tars are our men!
We always are ready!
Steady boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!*



Heart of Oak (cont.)

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away.
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Chorus:

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But, should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Chorus:

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea.
Then cheer up, my, lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

Chorus:

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be Free",
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

Chorus



HONEYSUCKLE AND BINDWEED

The fragrant honeysuckle spirals clockwise to the sun
And many other creepers do the same
But some climb anti-clockwise, the bindweed does for one,
Or convolvulus to give her proper name.
Rooted on either side of a door one of each species grew
And reached towards the window ledge above
Each corkscrewed to the lintel in the only way it knew
Till they stopped, touched tendrils, smiled and fell in love.

Said the right-handed honeysuckle to the left-handed bindweed
"We'd better get married if our parents don't mind, we'd
Be loving and inseparable inextricably entwined, we'd
Live happily ever after" said the honeysuckle to the bindweed.

To the honeysuckle's parents it came as a shock
"The bindweeds" they said "are inferior stock,
They're uncultivated, of breeding bereft,
We twine to the right and they twine to the left."

Said the left-handed bindweed to the right-handed honeysuckle
"We'd better start saving, many a mickle makes a muckle,
We'll run away for a honeymoon and hope that our luck'll
Take a turn for the better" said the bindweed to the honeysuckle.

A bee who was passing remarked to them then,
"I've said it before and I'll say it again.
Consider your offshoots, if offshoots there be,
They'll never receive any blezzings from me".

Honeysuckle and bindweed (cont.)

Poor little sucker, how it will learn,
Where it is climbing, which way to turn,
Right? left? What a disgrace
Or it might grow straight up and fall flat on its face.

Said the right handed honeysuckle to the left handed bindweed
"It seems that against us all fate has combined.....,
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Columbine
Thou art lost and gone forever, we shall never intertwine."

Together they found them the very next day,
They had pulled up their roots and just withered away
Deprived of that freedom for which we must fight
To veer to the left or to veer to the right.



HIPPOPOTAMUS SONG

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar,
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star.
Away on a hilltop, sat combing her hair,
His fair hippopotamine maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
and sang her this sweet serenade:

*Mud, mud, glorious mud,
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud.*



The fair hippopotamus he aimed to entice
From her seat on the hilltop above.

As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tip-toeing down to her love.

Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang when they met.

His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet:

Chorus

Hippopotamus Song (cont.)

Now more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of the river so wide
I wonder, now what am I to make of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar's side,
They dived all at once with an earsplitting splosh
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain:

Chorus



GREEN GROW THE RUSHES -O

I'll sing you one-o

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your one-o?

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so

I'll sing you two-o

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your two-o?

Two two the lily white boys clothed all in green-o

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

Numeric insert

Three the rivals.

Four for the Gospel Makers.

Five for the symbols at your door.

Six for the six Proud Walkers.

Seven for the Seven Stars in the sky.

Eight for the April Rainers.

Nine for the nine Bright Shiners.

And ten for the Ten Commandments.

Eleven for the eleven that went to Heaven.

Twelve for the twelve apostles.

I AINT GONNA GRIEVE

*I ain't gonna grieve my Lord,
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord,
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord, no more*

1 You'll never go to Heaven
On roller skates,
You'll skate right past
Them pearly gates.

Chorus

2 You'll never go to Heaven
On a rockin' chair,
'Cos de Lord don't like
Any lazybones there.

Chorus

3 You'll never go to Heaven
On a dancing' floor,
You'll dance right thro'
The Devil's trap door.

Chorus

4 You'll never go to Heaven
In a Limousine,
'Cos de Lord don't keep
No Gasoline.

Chorus

5 You'll never go to Heaven
In a woman's arms
'Cos de Lord don't like
dem feminine charms.

Chorus

6 You'll never go to Heaven
In powder and paint
'Cos de Lord dont like
You as you ain't.

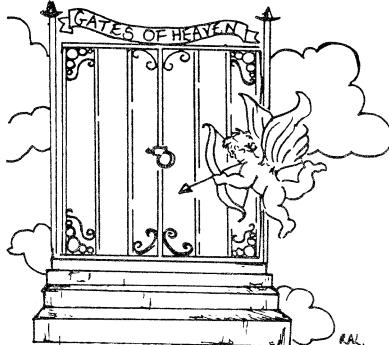
Chorus

7 You'll never go to Heaven
In a Ford Coupe,
'Cos de Lord's got shares
In Chevrolet.

Chorus

8 If you get to Heaven
Before I do
Just bore a hole
And pull me thro'.

Chorus



I BELONG TO GLASGOW

I've been with a few of ma cronies, one or two pals o ma ain.
We went in a hotel where we did very well, and then came out once again.
Then we went into another, and that is the reason I'm fou.
We had six deoch and dorises, then sang a chorus-
just listen I'll sing it to you.

*I belong to Glasgow, dear auld Glasgow town.
But what's the matter with Glasgow for it's going round and round?
I'm only a common old working man, as anyone here can see,
But when I get a couple of drinks on a Saturday, Glasgow belongs to me.*

There's nothing in being teetotal, and saving a shilling or two.
If your money you spend, you've nothing to lend,
Well that's the all better for you.
There's nae harm in taking a drappie, it ends all your trouble and strife;
It gives you the feeling, that when you get home,
you don't care a hang for the wife.

*I belong to Glasgow, dear auld Glasgow town.
But what's the matter with Glasgow for it's going round and round?
I'm only a common old working man, as anyone here can see,
But when I get a couple of drinks on a Saturday, Glasgow belongs to me.*

ICH BIN DER MUSIKER

Ich bin ein Musiker
Aus der Vaterland
Ich kann spielen

Was kann'st spielen?

Ich kann spielen mit mein viola,

*Vio-vio-vio-la,
Viola, Viola,
Vio-vio-vio-la,
Vio-vio-la.*

Verse insert:

Cello - Cello-cello-cello-la.
Flauto - Flauto-flauto-flauto-la.
Piccolo - Piccolo-piccolo-piccolo-la.
Trombone - - Trombo- trombo-trombo-la.
Doodlesack - (Scotland the brave).
Zumba - Zumba-zumba-zumba-see.
The Archers - (The Archers).
Etc., Etc.....
Mein Orchestra - (Wild Actions).



JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip in a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

*But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
Heart is down my head is turning round
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.*



In the market you can hear,
Women cry out while on their heads they bear,
Aki rice and fish are nice
And the rum is good any time of the year.

Chorus

Sound of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro.
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Chorus

ISLAND IN THE SUN

*Oh, island in the sun,
Willed to me by my father's hand.
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your fairest water, your shining sand*

This is my island in the sun
Where my people have toiled since time begun,
I may sail on many a sea,
Her shores will always be home to me

Chorus

As morning breaks the heaven on high
I lift my heavy load to the sky,
Sun comes down with a burning glow
Mingles my sweat with the earth below

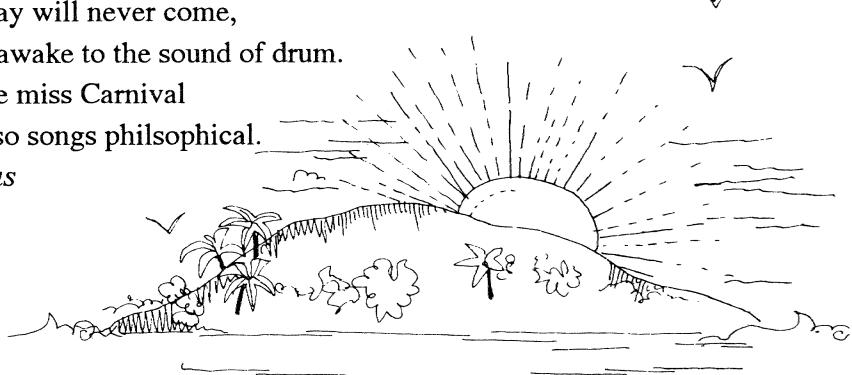
Chorus

I see a woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for her family
I see man at the water side
Casting nets at the surging tide.

Chorus

I hope the day will never come,
That I can't awake to the sound of drum.
Never let me miss Carnival
With Calypso songs philosophical.

Chorus



JACK

Jack was every inch a sailor
Five and twenty years a whaler,
Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the bright blue sea.



*Jack was every inch a sailor
Five and twenty years a whaler,
Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the bright blue sea.*

Now 'twas 25 or 30 years since Jack first saw the light,
He came into this world of woe one dark and stormy night.
He was born on board his father's ship when she was a-laying to
'Bout 25 or 30 miles South East of Backalo.

Chorus

When Jack grew up to be a man he went to Labrador
He fished in Indian harbour where his father fished before.
On his returning in the fog he met a heavy gale
And Jack was swept into the sea and swallowed by a whale.

Chorus

The whale went straight for Baffins Bay 'bout 90 knots an hour
And every time he'd blow his spray he'd send it in a shower.
'Well now' says Jack unto himself 'I must see what's he's about
He caught the whale all by the tail and turned him inside out.

Chorus

JANNER SONG

Half a pound of flour and lard
Makes lovely clacker,
Just enough for you and me,
Cor bugger, Janner.

Oh, how happy us will be
When us gets to the West Country
Where the oggies grow on trees
Cor bugger, Janner.

Where be that blackbird to?
Us knows where he be
He be up a turnip tree
And I be arter 'e.

Now 'e sees oi, and oi sees 'e
And silly old blackguard 'e be
For oi been a farmer for forty nine year
And 'e can't take the mick out 'o me.

Half a pound of flour and lard
Makes lovely clacker,
Just enough for you and me,
Cor bugger, Janner.

*And we'll all go back to Oggie land
To Oggie Land, to Oggie Land,
And we'll all go back to Oggie Land
Where they can't tell sugar from
Tissue paper, tissue paper, marmalade and jam.
(Repeat chorus)*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on!

*Glory! Glory! Allelujah!
Glory! Glory! Allelujah!
Glory! Glory! Allelujah!
And his soul goes marching on.*

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!

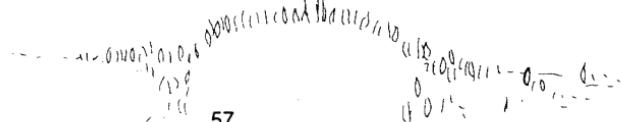
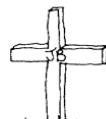
Chorus

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
And his soul goes marching on!

Chorus

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
And his soul goes marching on!

Chorus



JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

*For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led,
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.*

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too!
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Chorus

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

Chorus

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Chorus

LAST FAREWELL

There's a ship lies rigged and ready in the harbour,
Tomorrow for old England she sails,
Far away from your land of endless sunshine,
To my land full of rainy skies and gales,
And I shall be on board that ship tomorrow
Though my heart is full of tears at this farewell.

*For you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly,
More dearly than the spoken word can tell.*

*For you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly,
More dearly than the spoken word can tell.*

I've heard there's a wicked war a-blazing
And the taste of war I know so very well,
Even now I see the foreign flag a-raising
Their guns afire as we sailed into the hell,
I have no fear of death it brings no sorrow,
But how bitter will be this last farewell.

Chorus

There's death and darkness gather all around me
And my ship be torn apart upon the sea,
I shall smell again the fragrance of these islands
In the heaving waves that brought me once to thee,
And should I return safe home again to England
I shall watch the English mist roll through the dell.

Chorus

LONDONDERRY AIR

In Derry Vale, beside the singing river,
So oft I strayed, ah many years ago,
And culled at morn the golden daffodillies
That came with Spring and set the world aglow.
O Derry Vale, my thoughts are ever turning
To your broad stream and fairy circled lea
For your green isles my exiled heart is yearning,
So far away across the sea.

In Derry Vale, amid the Foyle's dark waters,
The salmon leap above the surging weir,
The sea birds call - I still can hear them calling
In night's long dreams of those so dear.
O hurrying years, fly faster, ever faster,
I long to see the vale beloved so well,
I long to know that I am not forgotten,
And there at home in peace to dwell.

JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
When on the the world the mist began to fall
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

*Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low
And the flickering shadows come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long
Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.*

Just a Song at Twilight (cont.)

Even today we hear love's song of yore
Deep in our hearts, it dwells for evermore
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So till the end, when life's dim shadow fall
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Chorus



LAST THING ON MY MIND

There's a lesson too late for the learning,
Made of sand, made of sand.
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind-
You know that was the last thing on my mind.*

You've got reason a-plenty for going
This I know, this I know;
For the weeds have been steadily a-growing
Please don't go, please don't go.

Chorus

As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you.
Every song in the breast dies upon me
Without you, without you.

Chorus

LILY MARLENE

Underneath the lamplight, by the barracks gate,
Darling I remember the way you used to wait.
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly
That you loved me, you'd always be,
My Lily of the lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,
Darling I'd caressed you and pressed you to my heart.
There underneath the lantern light,
I'd held you tight, we'd kissed goodnight,
My Lily of the lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

Orders came for sailing, somewhere over there,
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear.
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, but couldn't meet,
My Lily of the lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

Resting in the billet, just behind the line,
Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine,
You wait where the lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet voice seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lily of the lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

LISTEN TO THE OCEAN

There's a world of sun and sand
Full of sky and far from land
Where evening breezes caress the shore
Like a gentle comforting hand
Fragrant blossoms, honey bees
Careless laughter upon the breeze
And lovers fade into pools of deep,
Purple shadows among the trees

*Listen to the ocean
Echoes of a million sea shells
Forever it's in motion
Moving to a rhythmic and
unwritten music that's played eternally
Oo-oo oo oo oo Oo-oo-oo
Oo-oo oo oo oo
Oo-oo-oo*

The sound of the seagulls' distant cry
His wings like parentheses drawn in the sky
And two white birds clinging like foam,
To the crest of a wave rolling by.
The silence of noon, the clamour of night
The heat of the day when the fish won't bite
These are the things that remind me of
the day you sailed out of sight.

Chorus

MERMAID

T'was Friday morn when we set sail
And the ship not far from the land
When the captain he spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

*And the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
And we jolly sailor boys were up, up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below.
And the land lubbers lying down below.*

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship
And a right good captain was he
I have married me a wife in fair Plymouth town
And tonight she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And tonight she a widow will be.

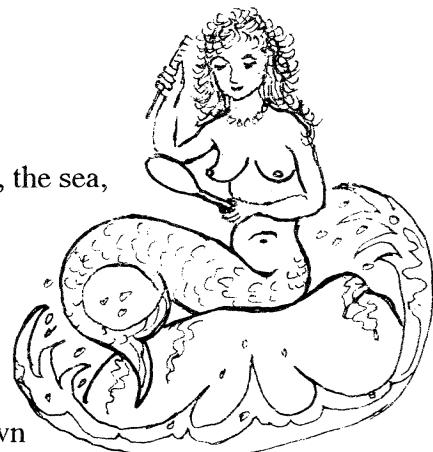
Chorus

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship
And a fat old cook was he
"I care much more for my kettles and pots
Than I do for the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spake the boy of our gallant ship
And a right good boy was he
"I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town
But tonight they chidless will be, will be, will be,
But tonight they chidless will be."

Chorus



The Mermaid (cont.)

Oh the moon shines bright and the stars give light
My mother she'll be looking for me
She may look she may weep she may look to the deep
She may look at the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look at the bottom of the sea.

Chorus

Then three times round went our gallant ship
And three times round she went she
Then three times round went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus



MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Around her leg she wears a yellow garter
She wears a yellow garter in the Merry Month of May
And if you ask her why the hell she wears it
She wears it for her true love, who is far far away.

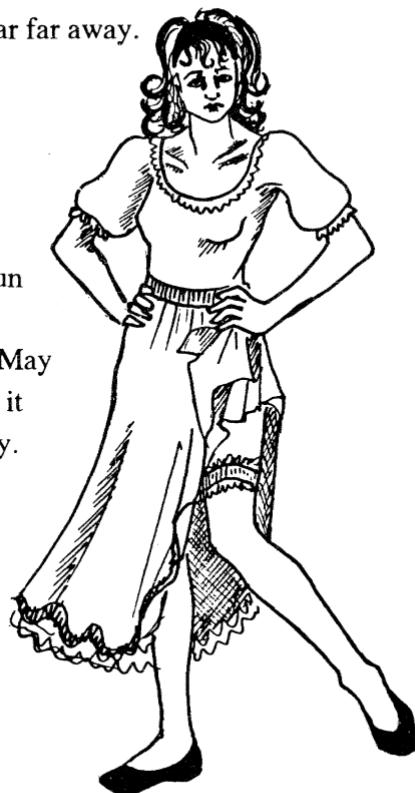
*Far away, far away,
She wears it for her true love,
who is far far away.*

Around the park she wheels a perambulator
She wheels a perambulator in the Merry Month of May
And if you ask her why the hell she wheels it
She wheels it for her sweetheart, who is far far away.

*Far away, far away
She wheels it for her sweetheart,
who is far away.*

Behind the door her father keeps a shot gun
Her father keeps a shot gun in the
Merry Month of May
And if you ask him why the hell he keeps it
He keeps it for a sailor who is far far away.

*Far away, far away,
He keeps it for a sailor,
who is far far away*



MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael row the boat ashore, allelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, allelujah

The Jordan river is muddy and wide, allelujah

All my friends on the other side, allelujah

Chorus

Oh then tell us straight and true, allelujah

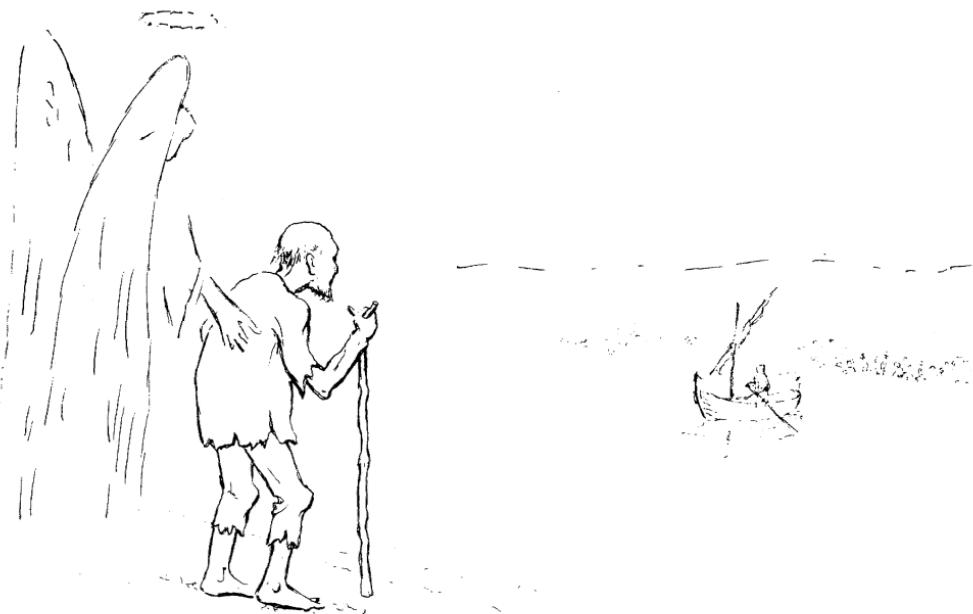
Trust the good Lord is going to see you through, allelujah

Chorus

And where you're sailing to catch that wind, allelujah

Be not afraid that you have sinned, allelujah

Chorus



MINGULAY BOAT SONG

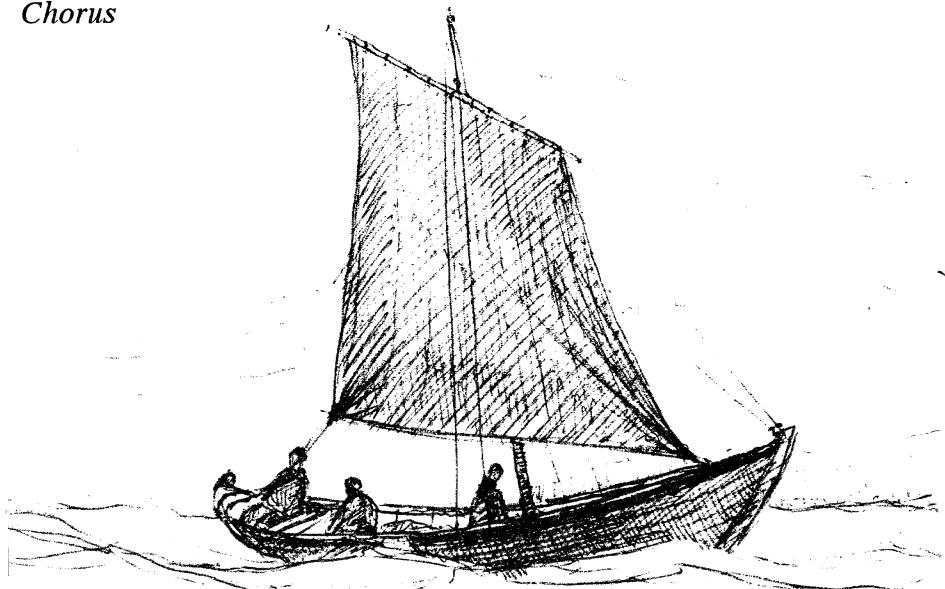
*Heel you ho, boys
Let her go, boys
Bring her round, now all together.
Heel you ho, boys
Let her go, boys
Sailing home, home to Mingulay.*

What care we, though white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go, boys, heel you ho, boys
Ev'ry inch home to Mingulay.

Chorus

Wives are waiting on the seashore
Or looking seaward, from the heather
Pull her round, boys
And we'll anchor, ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus



MOTHER'S LAMENT

Dahn the Plughole

A muvver was bathing her baby one night
The poor little thing was a pitiful sight
The muvver was poor and the baby was thin
'Twas only a skeleton wrapped up in skin
The mother turned round to get soap from the rack
'Twas only a moment but when she turned back
The baby had gone and in anguish she cried
"Oh where is my baby?". The angels replied,

"Your baby has gone down the plug 'ole,
Your baby has gone down the plug
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin
It should have been bathed in a jug.
Your baby is perfectly happy
It won't need a bath any more
Your baby has gone down the plug 'ole
Not lost, but gorn before."



THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

Now Mary this London's a wonderful sight,
They work all day and they work all the night.
They don't plant potatoes, or barley or wheat,
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the street.
At least when I ask them that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold.
But for all that I've found there, I might as well be,
Where the Mountains of Mourne go down to the sea.

In your last letter you asked me to say,
How the ladies of London are dressing today.
Well all I can say is there's long, short and tall
And for tops of dresses there's no tops at all.
And although I have met them, they're modest and prim.
Lord knows whether they're going to dance or to swim
Now don't get ideas dear sweet Mary McGee
Where the Mountains of Mourne go down to the sea.

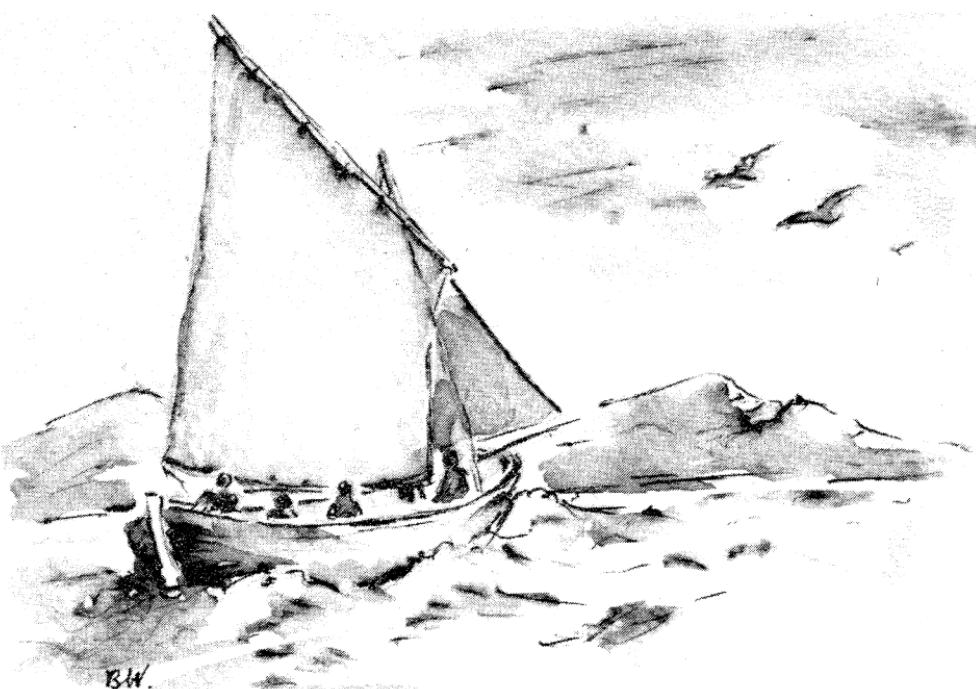


You remember Michael O'Harty of course
Well now he's a power in the London police force,
And today as we walked along the Strand

Mountains of Mourne (cont.)

He stopped the whole traffic with a wave of his hand
And as we stood talking of days that were gone
The whole population of London looked on
But for all of his power he'd much rather be
Where the Mountains of Mourne go down to the sea.

Now Mary me darling, me sweetheart, me love
I love you on earth to the heavens above
And as I go walking across London Town
I dream of you darling and dear County Down.
I dream of the mountains, the sun and the rain
I'm coming home to you Mary again
I'm coming home to you Mary McGee
Where the Mountains of Mourne go down to the sea.



MR. NOAH

Boy Mr. Noah, Mr. Noah
Can I please come aboard the Ark of the Lord
'Cause it's getting very dark, going to rain very hard?

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Noah No you can't then, no you can't then
No you can't come aboard the Ark of the Lord
Though it's getting very dark, going to rain very hard!

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Boy Go to hell then, go to hell then
Go right off to hell with your leaky old scow
It ain't going to rain very hard anyhow.

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Noah Young fellow, young fellow
That's bluff on your part 'cause you know quite well,
Sprinkling now, going to rain like hell.

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Boy Oh I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry
May I please come on board the Ark of the Lord
And I'll spend my days a-praising Gawd.

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Mr. Noah (cont.)

Noah No you can't then, no you can't then
 Though we're still selling tickets, you can't anyhow,
 You called my Ark a leaky old scow.

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Boy Oh I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry
 I'm sorry I called your Ark what it's not,
 May I please come aboard your beautiful yacht.

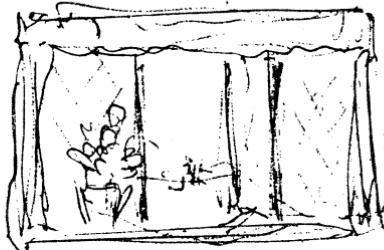
Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa

Noah Step aboard then, step aboard then
 Step right up the gangplank and don't forget
 To praise the good Lord that you didn't get wet.

Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, Toodle-oo, aye-oo-aye-aa



MY BONNIE



My bonnie lies over the ocean
My bonnie lies over the sea
My bonnie lies over the ocean
O bring back my bonnie to me.



*Chorus: Bring back, bring back
Bring back my bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me.*

O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea
O blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my bonnie was dead.

Chorus

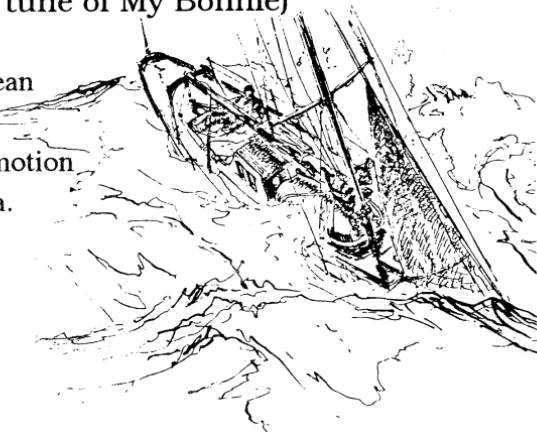
The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my bonnie to me.

Chorus

MY BREAKFAST (to the tune of My Bonnie)

My breakfast lies under the ocean
My dinner lies under the sea
And if we go on with this my motion
Oh what will become of my tea.

Chorus (as above)



NOW IS THE HOUR

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye;
Soon we'll be sailing far across the sea.
While we're away, Oh please remember me,
And wait for me till I come home again.

Now is the hour to relieve the Middle Watch;
It's quarter to four - another wink I'll snatch.
Oh dear Oh dear what a life this is!
The rotten, lucky, bastards who are coming off watch.

Now is the hour to shake the Forenoon Watch;
The slothful sluggards had all night in.
While I was awake they didn't remember me.
Shake them good and early till they rise and shine.

Now is the hour when the cruise must end;
Soon we'll be leaving by the morning train.
When we're away, Oh please remember us;
We were an awful shower but - we might come back again.

OLD WOMAN WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

There was an old woman who swallowed a fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

There was an old woman who swallowed a spider
It wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed a fly
Perhaps she'll die.

There was an old woman who swallowed a bird
How absurd to swallow a bird
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Perhaps she'll die

There was an old woman who swallowed a cat
Now fancy that, to swallow a cat
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed a fly
Perhaps she'll die.



There was an old woman who swallowed a dog
Greedy old hog to swallow a dog
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider



Old Woman who Swallowed a Fly (cont.)

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly
I don't know why she swallowed a fly
Perhaps she'll die

There was an old woman who swallowed a cow
I don't know why she swallowed a cow
She swallowed the cow to catch the dogetc....

There was an old woman who swallowed a horse
She's dead of course.



ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT

Wheear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.
Wheear ' as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?
Wheear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?

*On Ilkla Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at,*

Tha's bin a-coortin Mary Jane.
Tha'll go and get tha death o' cowld.
Then we s'all ha' to bury thee.
Then t'worms 'll come and ate thee oop.
Then t'ducks'll come and ate oop t'worms
Then we shall go ate oop t'ducks
Then we shall 'av eeten thee.
That's wheear we gets our oahn back.

MY FAMILY

My father makes counterfeit money
My mother brews synthetic gin
My sister sells kisses to sailors
By jove how the money rolls in, rolls in
By jove how the money rolls in.

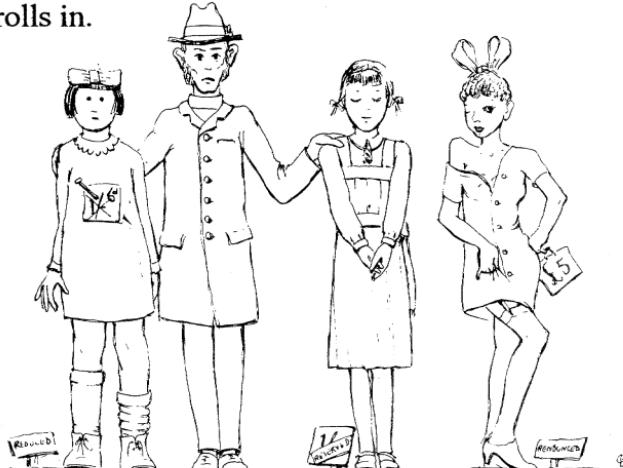
*By jove, by jove, by jove, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
By jove, by jove, by jove, how the money rolls in.*

My brother's a young missionary
Saving young maidens from sin
He'll save you a blonde for a shilling
By jove how the money rolls in, rolls in,
By jove how the money rolls in.

Chorus

My aunt keeps a girls' seminary
Teaching young girls to begin.
She doesn't say where they're to finish
By jove how the money rolls in, rolls in,
By jove how the money rolls in.

Chorus



ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-sitting and I know she thinks of me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells say -
'Come you back you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay,
Come you back to Mandalay'.

*Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you hear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to Mandalay?*

On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,

And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.

'Er petticoat was yeller, and 'er little cap was green,
And 'er name Supiyawlat jes' the same as Theebaws Queen,
And I see'd 'er first a-smoking of a whacking white cheroot,
And a-wasting Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot,
On an 'eathen idol's foot.

Chorus

Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise
a thirst;

For the temple bells are calling, and it's there that I would be -
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea,
Looking lazy at the sea.

Chorus

ONCE A LITTLE THREE - O - WREN

(Tune: Walzing Matilda)

Once a little three O Wren drafted to the Orient

H.M.S. HIGHFLYER - Trincomalee

And the other Wrens sighed when they saw her pack her wedding dress.

Don't get familiar with men from the sea.

Don't get familiar, don't get familiar

Don't get familiar with men from the sea

And the other Wrens sighed

-as they saw her pack her wedding dress-

Don't get familiar with men from the sea.

When they embarked and they stood upon the trooper deck

They lined up the subbies 1,2, and 3

But the other Wrens sighed at the way she stood the skipper up,

Don't get familiar with men from the sea.

Don't get familiar, don't get familiar

Don't get familiar with men from the sea

And the other Wrens sighed

-at the way she stood the skipper up-

Don't get familiar with men from the sea.

When they arrived they were boarded by the Ad-mi-ral

Nobody less than the great C in C

Who's that little dark job flirting with my Commodore

We'll get familiar when she works for me.

We'll get familiar we'll get familiar

We'll get familiar when she works for me

Who's that little dark job flirting with my Commodore

We'll get familiar when she works for me.

Once a Little Three-o-Wren (cont.)

Oh no Sir, she cried and she left him on the quarter deck
The Wren's quarters will never see me.

Just mention to their Lordships when you're writing to the Admiralty,
I'm going to marry a man who plants tea.

I'm going to marry I'm going to marry

I'm going to marry a man who plants tea

Just mention to your Lordships when you're writing to the Admiralty,

I'm going to marry a man who plants the tea.

Now she is wed and she lives upon a tea estate

Far from those boys at Trincomalee

But once every month when her old man goes for Coolie pay,

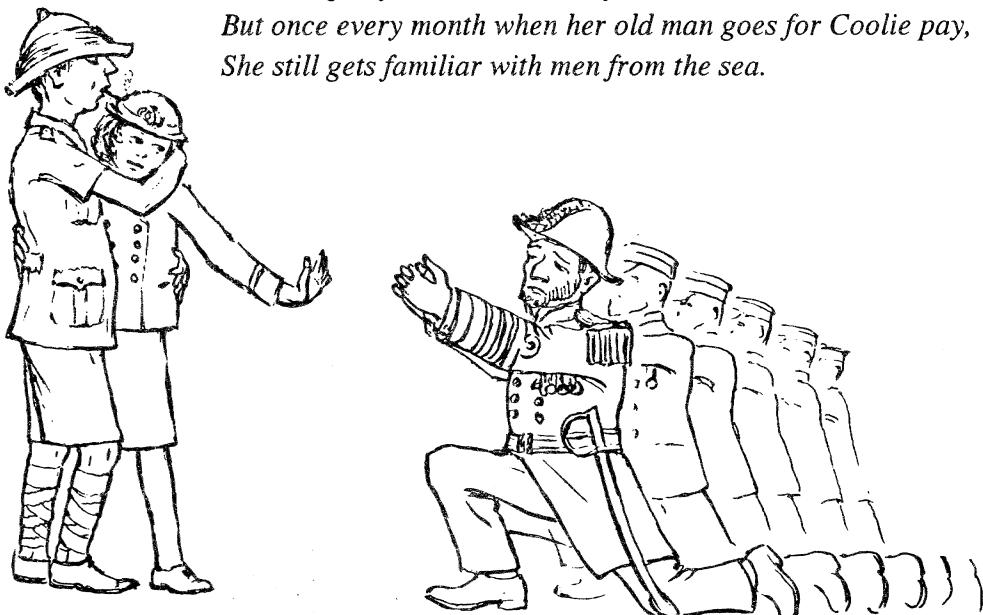
She still gets familiar with men from the sea.

She still gets familiar she still gets familiar

She still gets familiar with men from the sea

But once every month when her old man goes for Coolie pay,

She still gets familiar with men from the sea.



LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to Princes Landing Stage, River Mersey fare thee well,
I'm bound for California, that's a place that I know full well,

*So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return, united we will be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.*

I've shipped on a yankee clipper ship, Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the captain of her, and they say she's a floating shame.

Chorus

I've shipped with Burgess once more before, and I reckon I know him well,
If a man's a sailor, why then he'll get along, But if not, he'll sure get hell.

Chorus

The sun is shining on the harbour wall, and it's oh how I would remain,
But I fear it must be some long, long time before I see you again.

Chorus



POOR LITTLE LAMBS

We're poor little lambs who have lost their way
Baa, Baa, Baa.

We're little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa.

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
Lord have mercy on such as we,
Baa, Baa, Baa

OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

The owl and the pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea green boat.
They took some money and plenty of honey
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh lovely pussy, oh pussy my love
What a beautiful pussy you are."

Said the cat to the owl, " Oh you elegant fowl
How charmingly sweet you sing.
Come let us be married, too long we have tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong tree grows
And there in a wood a piggywig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear pig are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" said the piggy "I will".
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon.

PERSIAN KITTY

A blue persian pussy, perfumed and fair
Went down the garden to take the air
Just then a tomcat dirty and strong
Greasy and yellow just happened along.

He smiled on that persian cat
As she strutted along with such eclat
And thinking perhaps the time of day to pass
He said "Meiouw ain't you got class!"



Now fit and proper was her reply
As she curled an eyelash out of her eye
"On beds of satin and cushions of silk
They feed me each day on certified milk."

"Meiouw well" said the tomcat with a little smile
"You must trust your new found friend for a while
You must leave your back door fence
What you need is exper-i-ence."

Persian Kitty (cont.)

A tale of wonder he then unfurled
As he told her of the marvels of the outside world
Suggesting at least with a lazy sort of laugh -
"Meiouw" - a trip for two down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before
The kitten got home at half past four
The innocent look from her blue eye went
And the smile on her face was pure content.

And after months when little kittens came
To the blue persian pussy of pedigree fame
They weren't persian they were black and tan
So she told them that their father was a travelling man.

"MEIOUW"
❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On the top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover by a-courting too slow.
Well, courting's a pleasure, and parting is grief,
But a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than the stones on the shore, or the stars in the skies.
They'll tell you they love you, just to give you heart's ease,
But the minute your back's turned, they'll court whom they please.
So come all you young maidens, and listen to me,
Never place your affections on a green willow tree.
For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die,
And your true love will leave you, and you'll never know why.

PICK A BALE OF COTTON

(Repeat both verses and chorus if you wish)

Me and my pardner can
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Me and my pardner can
Pick a bale a day.

*You got to jump down, turn around,
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Got to jump down, turn around,
Pick a bale a day.
Oh, Lawdy
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Oh, Lawdy,
Pick a bale a day.*

(similarly)

Me and my wife can-
Me and my brother can-
Me and my papa can-
Had a little woman could-
I b'lieve to my soul I can-
Went to Corsicana to-

PIG

It was early last September, as near as I remember,
I was walking down the street in tipsy pride,
No one was I disturbing, and I lay down by the kerbing,
When a pig came up and lay down by my side.

As I lay down in the gutter, thinking thoughts I dare not utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say,
"You can tell the man who boozes, by the company he chooses,"
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

PRESBYTERIAN CAT

(To the tune of Auld Lang Syne)

There was a presbyterian cat who on the Sabbath day

*Went out the house and caught a mouse and promptly killed his prey
The Meenistaires were horrified and that to cat did say*

sing

The Meenistaires were horrified and to that cat did say

You are a bad perverted cat to break the

sing

You are a bad perverted cat to break the Sabbath and

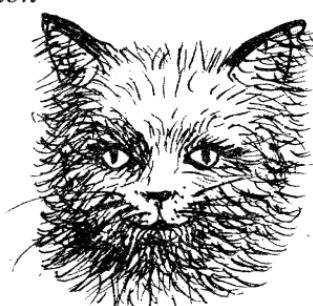
The Sabbath day since days of yore's an

The Sabbath day since days of yore's an institution

The Sabbath day since days of yore's an institution
They promptly took poor poesy set to ex-a-cu-tion.

They promptly took poor poosy cat to see the sing.

They promptly took poor poosy cat to ex-e-cu-tion



MORAL

Since people wore no clothes at all what use were tailors' thumbs
sing

Since people wore no clothes at all what use were Tailors thumbs

The higher grow the apple trees - the greener grow the plums

sing

RICKETY - TICKETY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing rickety-tickety tin
About a maid I'll sing a song,
Who didn't have her family long,
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one in, them in, them in,
She did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique
Sing rickety-tickety tin
One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And they had to make do with gin, with gin
They had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand
Sing rickety-tickety tin
Her mother she could never stand
And so a cyanide soup she planned
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire
Sing rickety-tickety tin
She set her sister's hair on fire
And as the smoke and flames rose higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin, -olin,
Playing a violin

Rickety-Rickety Tin (cont.)

She weighted her brother down with stones
Sing rickety-tickety tin
She weighted her brother down with stones
And sent him off to Davey Jones
All they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
And occasional pieces of skin.



One day when she had nothing to do
Sing rickety-tickety tin
One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up as Irish stew
And invited the neighbours in, -ours in.
Invited the neighbours in.

And when at last the police came by
Sing rickety-tickety tin
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
To do so, she would have had to lie
And lying, she knew was, a sin, a sin
Lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong
Sing rickety-tickety tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong
And if you do not enjoy my song
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long
You should never have let me begin, begin
You should never have let me begin.

RIO GRANDE

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea

Way - Rio

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande

Then away, boys, a-way

Way - down Rio - so fare ye well

My pretty young gal

For we're bound for the Rio Grande

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sam

Way - Rio

And you who are listening goodbye to you.

Chorus

Our ship went sailing over the bar

Way - Rio

And we pointed her nose for the southern star.

Chorus

The oak and the ash and the bonny birch tree

Way - Rio

They're all growing green in the North Country.

Chorus



RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main
This was the charter, the charter of the land
And guardian angels sang this strain

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall
Must in their turn, must in their turn to tyrants fall
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all

Chorus

The muses still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coast repair
Shall to thy happy coast, thy happy coast repair,
Blest isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned.
And manly hearts to guide the fair.

Chorus



SAIL AWAY

A man would be a fool to spend all his money
And to have to go to sea once more
Yet when them brown skin gals start calling you honey,
You know you'll be sailing from that shore.

*Just a singin', ooh, ooh, sail away ay-ay-ay
Ohh - sail away*

When I hit Trinidad I first met Marnie
You know, we started drinking rum
But now I'm so sad, she took all my money
And now I sail with the morning sun.

Chorus

Now all you sailor lads who would go sportin'
Mark ye well what I do say
Don't touch them brown skin gals, they'll be your misfortune,
And you'll be at sea till your dying day.

Chorus



SAILING

I am sailing, I am sailing home again, 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me, through the dark night far away?
I am dying, forever trying, to be with you, who can say.
Can you hear me, can you hear me, through the dark night far away?
I am dying, forever trying, to be with you, who can say.

I am flying, I am flying, like a bird 'cross the sky.
I am flying, passing high clouds, to be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me through the dark night far away?
I am dying, forever trying to be with you, to be free.
We are sailing, we are sailing home again 'cross the sea.
We are sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.

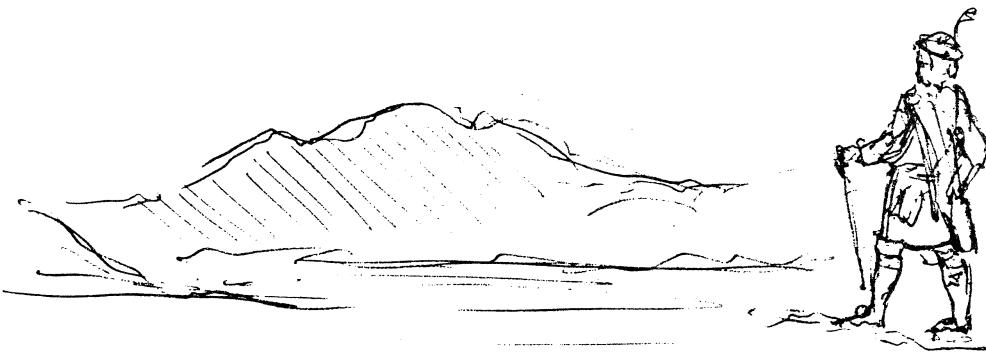


POOR OLD JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and brave,
Gone are my friends and many to their graves,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know;
I hear their gentle voices calling, Poor Old Joe.
I'm coming, I'm coming, Oh so very slow,
I hear their gentle voices calling, Poor Old Joe.

Gone are the days when I laid along the yards,
Gone are the days when I hauled on halliards,
Gone from the sea the crews I used to know,
But I hear some raucous voices calling - Hey, Old Joe!
I'm coming, I'm coming and not so bloody slow;
See, the boozer's open now, and here comes Joe.

ROAD TO THE ISLES



It's a far crooning that's pulling me away
As tak' I wi' my cromach to the road
It's the far Cuillins are putting love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

*Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles
If you're thinkin' in your inner heart, braggards in my step
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles.*

It's by Shiel water the track is to West
By Ailort and by Morar to the sea
It's the cool cresses I think o' for pluck
And the bracken for a wink on mother's knee.

Chorus

Road To The Isles (cont.)

It's the blue islands that are pullin' me away
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame
It's the blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus



GENTLEMEN'S CONVENIENCE

(tune: *Road to the Isles*)

There's a Gentlemen's convenience at the corner of the square,
There's another for the women further doon
And for the modest penny, you can hire a water closet;
But a season ticket costs you half a croon

SAILOR

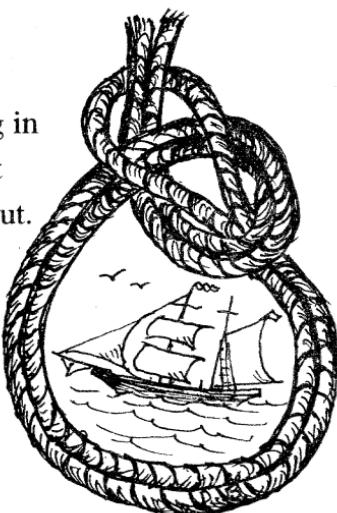
Oh the sailor he sits by the harbour when he can
He was obviously meant for a literary man
And he watches all the ships setting out for Rio Grande
And he gives three cheers for the good dry land.

*So away, boys, away setting out for Rio Grande
There's a lot to be said for the good dry land
For the sea is a place, he never could stand
When the wind's in the mizzen crosstrees.*

When a ship comes in with a complicated rig
He can tell at a glance if it's a frigate or a brig
Or a dandy or ketch or a Captain's gig
When the wind's in the mizzen crosstrees.

*So away, boys, away with a frigate or a brig
Or a dandy or a ketch or a captain's gig
So long as the ship is reasonably big
When the wind's in the mizzen crosstrees*

He sits by the quay with a panikin of gin
And remarks with an oath that the tide's coming in
And when the tide's in and there's anyone about
He remarks with an oath that the tide is going out.

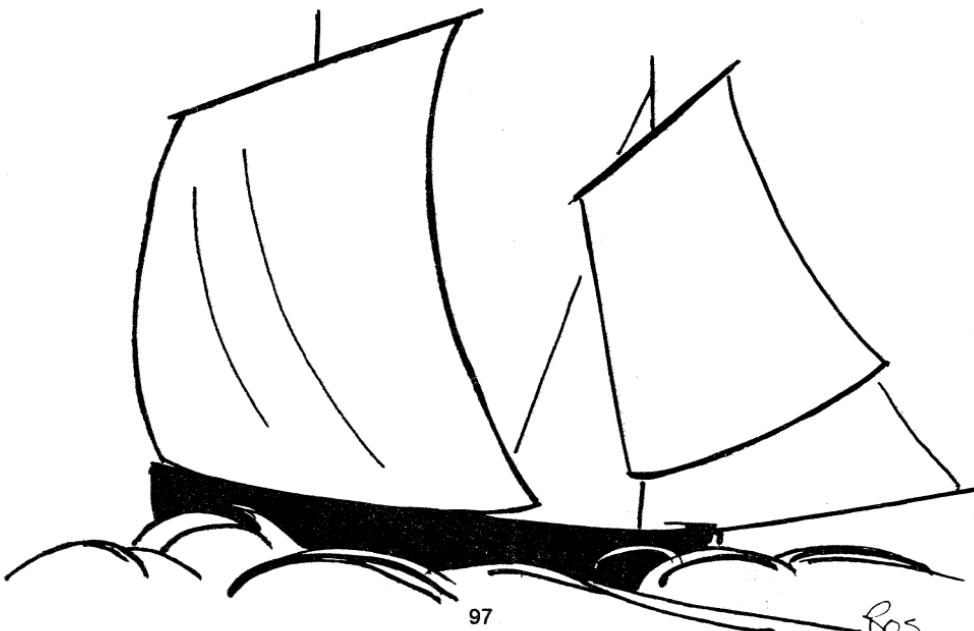


The Sailor (cont.)

*So away, boys, away when the tide's coming in
And away boys away when the tide's going out
For the only ship he can't ABIDE
Is a ship at sea with him INSIDE*

He can tie you a tie, he can splice you a spar
And you know what a help these little things are
And he ties his tie with a Blackwall Hitch
Or a bowline on a bight, he doesn't care which.

*So away, boys, away with a bowline on a bight
It's a difficult knot to get quite right
But he tries all day and tries all night
Till the whites of his eyes go a GHASTLY WHITE
WHICH IS A MOST UNPLEASANT SIGHT
When the wind's in the mizzen crosstrees*



ROLLING HOME

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable flaked down clear,
Heave away, and with a will boys,
For old England we will steer.

*Rolling home, Rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear Old England,
Rolling home, fair land to thee.*

Let us all heave with a will, boys,
Soon our cable we will trip,
And across the briny ocean,
We will steer our gallant ship.

Chorus

We will leave ye our best wishes,
We will leave these distant shores,
For we're bound for dear Old England,
To return to ye no more.

Chorus

Ten thousand miles now lie behind us,
Ten thousand miles or more to roam,
Soon we'll see our native country,
Soon we'll greet our dear old home.

Chorus

Round Cape Horn one winter's morning,
All among the ice and snow,
You could hear them shellbacks singing,
Sheet her home, boys, let her go.

Chorus

Rolling Home (cont.)

And we'll sing in joyful chorus,
In the watches of the night,
And we'll greet the shores of England,
When the grey dawn breaks the light.

Chorus



SARIE MARAIS

My Sarie Marais is so far from my heart
And I'm longing to see her again
She lived on a farm by the Mcorie river's bank
Before I left on this campaign

*Oh take me back to the old Transvaal
There's where I long to be
Way yonder 'mongst the mealies by the green thorny tree
My Sarie is waiting for me.*

I feared that the soldiers might get hold of me
They'd have sent me away o'er the sea
I fled over land to the Orange River Sand
In Appleton I would be free.

Chorus

At last there is peace and I've started for home
To the Transvaal I've always adored
My Sarie will be waiting there for me
Her kiss will be my reward.

Chorus

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's game,
First he loved her then he left her,
And she lost her maiden name.

*It's the same the whole world over,
I's the poor wot gets the blame,
It's the rich wot gets the gravy,
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.*

Then she ran away to London
For to hide her grief and shame;
There she met an army captain
And she lost her name again.

Chorus

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to put down crime,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Trudges through the dirt and slime.

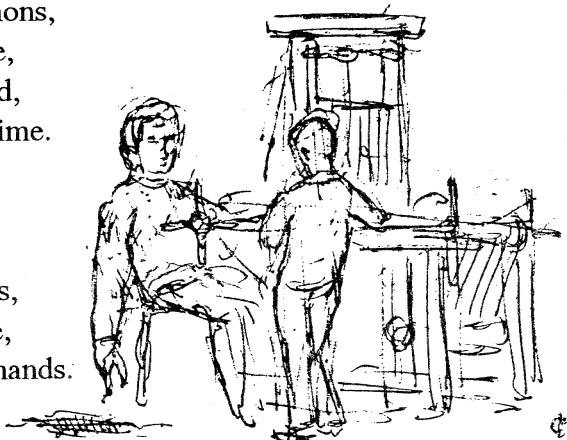
Chorus

See him riding in a carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

Chorus

See him there at the theatre,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

Chorus



She Was Poor But She Was Honest (cont.)

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Saying farewell blighted love
Then scream, a splash, and goodness,
What is she a-doin' of?

Chorus

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrung;
Tho' they thought that she was drownded,
Still her corpse got up and sung.

Chorus

See a lowly little cottage,
Where her aged parents live;
They drink the champagne she sends them,
But they never can forgive.

Chorus



SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it's gone right to my head.

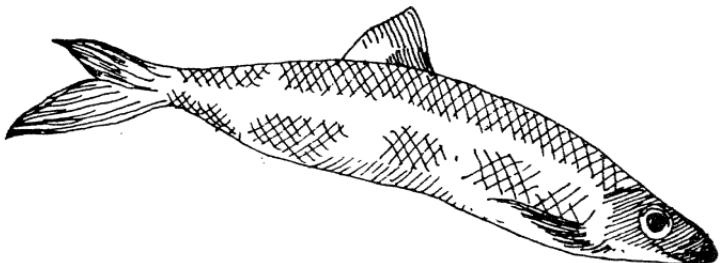
Wherever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song -
Show me the way to go home.

SHOALS OF HERRING

With our nets and gear we're fairing.
On the wild and wistful ocean.
It's out there on the deep, that we harvest our bread
As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herring.

It was on a fair and pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was bearing
As cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to hunt the bonnie shoals of herring.

Oh we left our home ground in the month of June.
And for Galashiels we soon were bearing
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.



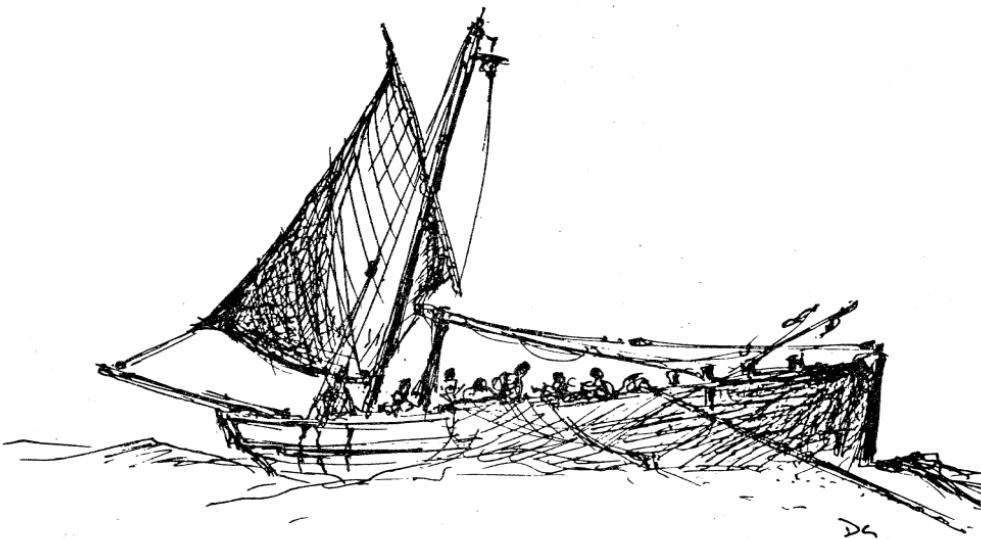
Now the work was hard and the hours were long
And the treatment sure it took some bearing
And I used to sleep standing on my feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

Shoals of Herring cont.

Now you're up on deck you're a fisherman
And you're learning all about seafaring
That's your education, scraps of navigation
As you hunt the bonnie shoals of herring.

In the stormy seas and living gales
Aye and in the gear that I was wearing,
Sailed ten thousand miles, caught ten million fishes
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Night and day we're fairing
Come winter weather, winter gales,
Sweating and cold, and growing old.
As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herring.

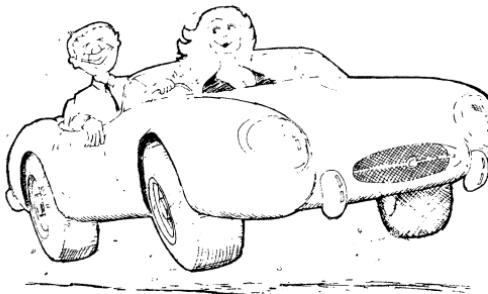


DG.

SINGAPORE GIRLS

(or Virgin on the Ridiculous ♦ Tune: Ach please Daddy)

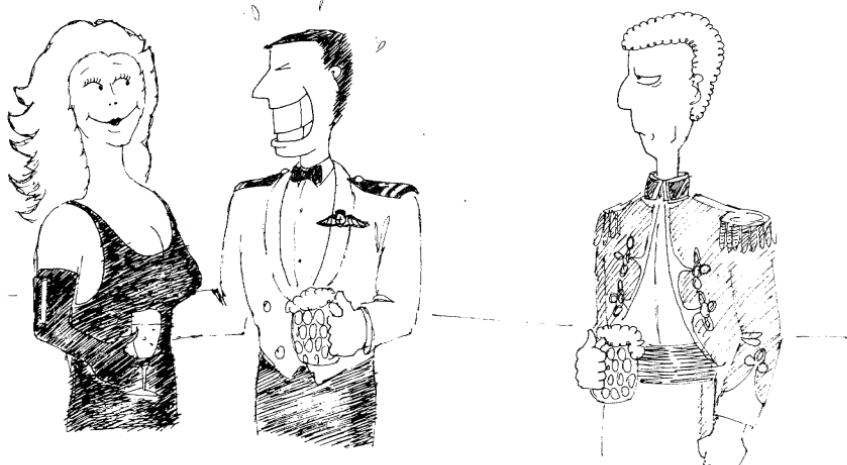
Oh please darling won't you take me to the Cockpit
Spend a few dollars just to keep me keen,
I promise you I couldn't care, that only last night I was there
And anyway it's vital that I should be seen.



*Water skiing, polo, Gino's a GoGo
Cocktail parties, barbecues, and there are plenty more.
The Tanglin club and the Pebble bar, riding in a fast sports car,
Oh what fun to be a single girl in Singapore!*

Oh please darling, won't you take me to the Mess Ball,
The General's daughters will be there, and so I should be too.
Other Messes are a bore, I've been to every one before
There are some Lifeguards whom I like, but even they are few.

Chorus



Singapore Girls (cont.)

Oh please darling, won't you take me round the night spots,
I've got a brand new dress to wear, it really is such fun!
It's the latest London craze, you see, and shows a lot more than the knee
It's a shame I would be nothing back in South West One.

Chorus

Oh please darling, won't you take me water skiing,
Daddy said he'd let us use his brand new boat,
And afterwards to end the day, it really would be madly gay,
To take me to the Goodwood with a hundred dollar note.

Chorus

Oh please darling, do come home, I'll cook you supper
Daddy and Mama have gone on leave to Fraser's Hill,
We can drink up Daddy's whisky, eat an omelette each upon our knee.
You've got no need to worry, 'cos I'm living on the pill!

Chorus

Oh please darling, won't you take me on a banyan,
An island off Mersing, I think, would suit us well,
You bring the booze, I'll get some food, and we'll go bathing in the nude,
What'd happen if we spent the night I simply cannot tell.

Chorus



Oh please darling, won't you take me to a doctor,
I think you've made me preggers and I'm feeling jolly ill
If my father knew he'd throw a fit, we'd never hear the end of it.
It's all your fault believing I was really on the pill!

Chorus

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, we're bound away

'Cross the wide Missouri.

Missouri she's a mighty river,

The Indians camp along its borders.

The white man loved an Indian maiden,

With notions his canoe was laden.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,

I've crossed for her the rolling water.

The chief, he made an awfull holler,

He turned away the trader's dollars.

Along there came a Yankee skipper,

He winked at her and tipped his flipper.

He sold the chief some fire water,

He got him drunk and stole his daughter.

Fare you well, I'm bound to leave you,

Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.



SIR JASPER

She wears her silk pyjamas in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her woollen nightie in the winter when it's not
And in the in-between time in the springtime and the fall,
She sleeps between the lilywhite sheets with nothing on at all.

She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she sleeps between the lilywhite sheets with nothing on at all

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
As she sleeps between the lilywhite sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch,
As she sleeps between the lily white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not,
As she sleeps between the lilywhite sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do,
Oh, Sir Jasper do,
Oh, Sir Jasper do,
As she sleeps between the lilywhite sheets with nothing on at all.

(And so on, missing out one more word each time)

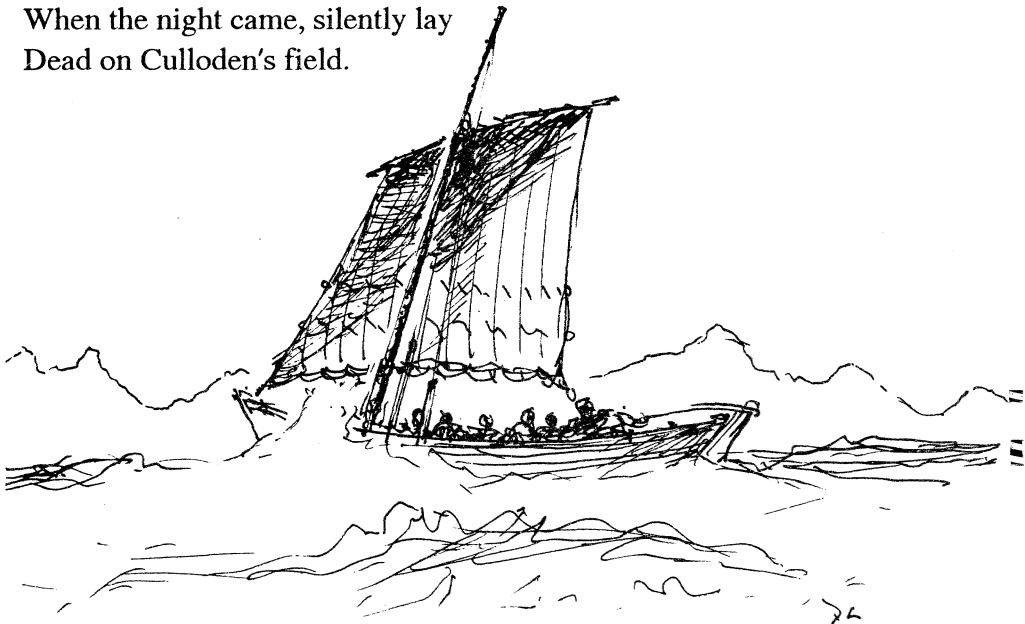
SKYE BOAT SONG

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar
Thunder clouds rend the air
Baffled our foes stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Oceans a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.



Skye Boat Song cont.

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again



SLOOP JOHN B

Oh we came on the Sloop John B my grandfather and me,
Round Nassau town we did roam,
drinking all night, we got into a fight,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

*So hoist up the John B sails, see how the mainsails set,
Send the captain ashore, lemme go home!
Lemme go home, lemme go home,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.*

The first mate he got drunk, broke up the captain's trunk,
Constable came aboard and took him away,
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

Chorus

The poor cook he got the fits, threw away all the grits,
Then he took and ate up all o' my corn,
Lemme go home, I want to go home,
This is the worst trip, since I've been born!

Chorus

SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies
Adieu and farewell to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
And hope in a short time to see you again

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British Sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar o'er all the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is 35 leagues.*

We hove our ship to with the wind at the south west
We hove our ship to, boys, fresh soundings to take.
It was forty-five fathoms and a fine sandy bottom
So we squared one main yard and up Channel did make.

Chorus

The first land we sighted was a point called the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight
We sailed by Beachy, by Dungeness and Dover
Until we struck soundings by the South Foreland light.

Chorus

Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to Anchor.
All in the Downs, that night for to lie
Square away your anchors, stand by your Chain Stoppers
Haul up your clew garnets let tacks and sheets fly!

Chorus

Spanish Ladies (cont.)

Now let every man fill up a full bumper
Now let every man fill up a full glass
For we shall be jolly and drown melancholy
And here's to the health of each true Spanish lass.

Chorus



SPANISH CAVALIER

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat
And on his guitar played a tune dear
The music so sweet, he oft times repeat
The bless of my country and you dear.

*Say darling say, when I'm far away
Sometimes you may think of me dear
Bright sunny days will soon fade away
Remember what I say and be true dear.*

I am off to war, to war I must go
To fight for my country and you dear
You can search for me in vain and if I be slain
Upon the battlefield you will find me.

Chorus

And when the war is o'er to you I'll return
Back to my country and you dear
Bright sunny days will soon come again
Remember what I say and be true dear.

Chorus

SUCKING CIDER (Version A)

The prettiest gal that I ever saw,
Was sucking cider through a straw.

I told that gal, I didn't see how
She sucked cider through that straw.

Then cheek to cheek, and jaw by jaw,
We sucked that cider through that straw.

And all at once that straw did slip;
I sucked some cider from her lip.

And now I've got me mother-in-law
From sucking cider through a straw

SUCKING CIDER (Version B)

The sweetest girl I ever saw
Sat sucking cider through a straw.

I said to her "Pretty maid, what for
Do you suck cider through a straw?"

She said to me "There is no law
'Gainst sucking cider through a straw."

So cheek by cheek and jaw by jaw
We both sucked cider through a straw.

I've also got ten kids or more
Through sucking cider through a straw

SWEET VIOLETS

There once was a farmer who took a young miss
In the back of a barn where he gave her a -
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
And told her that she had such beautiful -
Manners that suited a girl of her charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his -
Washing and ironing and then if she did
They could get married and have lots of -

*Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in sweet violets.*

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop,
Then she called her father and he called a -
Taxi and got there before very long,
Someone was doing his little girl -
Right for a change so that's why he said
"If you marry her, son, you're better off -
Single, for it's always been my belief
Marriage can bring a man nothing but -
Chorus

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway
And started in planning for his wedding -
Suit, which he'd purchased for only one buck,
Then found he was clean out of -
Money, and so he was left in the lurch
Standing there waiting in front of the -
End of this story which just goes to show
All a girl wants from a man is his -

Chorus



SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home*

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home*

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home*

I never went to Heaven, but I been told
Coming for to carry me home!
The streets of Heaven are paved in gold -
Coming for to carry me home,

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine with laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

*Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part,
Adieu! Adieu! Kind friends, Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.*

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Chorus

Oh dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Chorus



TRAVELLING PEOPLE

I'm a freeborn man of the travelling people,
Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered,
Country lanes and byways are always my ways
I never fancied being lumbered.

Oh we knew the woods and the resting places,
Heard the small birds sing when winter days were over,
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road,
They were good old times for the rover.

There was open ground where a man could linger,
Stay a week or two, for time was not your master,
Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog,
Nice and easy, no need to go faster.

Now and then, you'd meet up with other travellers,
Hear the news, or else swop family information.
At the country fair, we'd be meeting there,
All the people of the travelling nation.

Oh, I've known life hard, and I've known it easy,
And I've cursed the life when winter days are dawning,
But I've danced and sung through the whole night long,
Seen the summer sun rise in the morning.

All you freeborn men of the travelling people,
Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover,
Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,
Your rambling days may soon be over.

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY

Sing Ho! for a brave and valiant barque,
And a brisk and lively breeze,
A jovial crew and a Captain too,
To carry me over the seas,
To carry me over the seas, my boys,
To my true love so gay;
She has taken a trip on a gallant ship
Ten thousand miles away.

*So blow the winds, Heigh - ho;
A-roving I will go,
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play!
I'll start by the morning train,
To cross the raging main,
For I'm on the move to my own true love,
Ten thousand miles away.*

My true love she is beautiful,
My true love, she is young;
Her eyes are blue as the violet's hue,
And silvery sounds her tongue -
And silvery sounds her tongue, my boys
But, while I sing this lay,
She is doing the grand in a distant land,
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus

Ten Thousand Miles Away (cont.)

Oh! that was a dark and dismal day
When last she left the strand,
She bade goodbye, with a tearful eye,
And waved her lily hand, my boys,
As the big ship left the bay;
"Adieu" says she "remember me,
Ten thousand miles away."

Chorus

Oh! if I could be but a bo's'n bold,
Or only a bombardier,
I'd hire a boat and hurry afloat,
And straight to my true love steer -
And straight to my true love steer, my boys;
Where the dancing dolphins play,
And the whales and the sharks are having their larks,
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus

Oh! the sun may shine through a London fog,
And the Thames run bright and clear,
The ocean's brine be turned to wine,
And I may forget my beer -
And I may forget my beer, my boys,
And the landlord's quarter-day;
But I'll never part from my sweetheart,
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus

THERE'S A HOLE IN MY BUCKET

*There's a hole in my bucket dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in my bucket dear Liza, a hole
(Repeat same pattern with every verse)*



There's a hole in my bucket dear Liza, dear Liza	a hole
Then mend it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	mend it
With what shall I mend it dear Liza, dear Liza ...	with what
With a straw dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry...	a straw
But the straw is too long dear Liza, dear Liza ...	too long
Then cut it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	cut it
With what shall I cut it dear Liza, dear Liza ...	with what
With a knife dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	a knife
The knife is too blunt dear Liza, dear Liza	too blunt
Then sharpen it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	sharpen it
With what shall I sharpen it dear Liza, dear Liza ...	with what
With a stone dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	a stone
The stone is too dry dear Liza, dear Liza ...	too dry
Then wet it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	wet it
With what shall I wet it dear Liza, dear Liza ...	with what
With water dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	with water
In what shall I get it dear Liza, dear Liza ...	in what
In a bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry ...	a bucket
There's a hole in my bucket	

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

As I walked that ribbon highway,
I looked above me, there in the skyway,
I looked below me in the golden valley -

*This land was made for you and me
This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to New York Island,
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf Stream Waters;
This land was made for you and me.*

I roamed and I rambled, and I followed my footsteps
O'er the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me this voice came saying -

Chorus

I followed your low hills and I followed your cliff rims,
Your marble canyons and sunny bright waters,
This voice came calling, as the fog was a-lifting -

Chorus

As the sun was a-shining and I was a-strolling
Through the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
I could feel inside me and see all around me -

Chorus

THE THAMES BARGEES SONG

A is the anchor which hangs from the bow
B is the bowsprit - taut as a bow
C is the capstain which merrily goes round and
D is the davits which lower our boats down

*So merrily, so merrily so merrily are we
None are so free as the bargemen at sea -
Blow high - blow low - our ship goes along
Give the Captain a fair wind and nothing goes wrong*

E is the ensign which flies from the peak
F is the foc'sle where the jolly crew sleep
G is the galley where cookie runs around and
H is the 'alliards we haul up and down

Chorus

I is the irons we keep down below
J is the jib-as white as snow
K is the keel which runs through our ship
L is the lead line which through our hands slip

Chorus

M is the main mast which quivers and quails
N are the needles wot sews up our sails
O are the oars we keep in the boat and
P are the pumps wot do keep us afloat.

Chorus

Q is the quarter deck we stroll up and down
R is the rudder that turns us around
S are the stays which keep up the mast and
T is the topsail we furls in a blast

The Thames Bargee (Song cont.)

U is the union by which we are led

V is the vane at our mast head

W's the wheel where we each take a turn and

X,Y, and Z is the name on our stern.

*So merrily, so merrily so merrily are we
None are so free as the bargemen at sea -
Blow high - blow low - our ship goes along
Give the Captain his old woman and nothing goes wrong*



TOM DOOLEY

Hang down your head Tom Dooley

Hang down your head and cry

Hang down your head Tom Dooley

Poor boy you're bound to die

I met her on the mointain

There I took her life

Met her on the mountain

Stabbed her with my knife

Chorus

This time tomorrow

Reckon where I'll be

Hadn't have been for Greyson

I'd have been in Tennessee.

Chorus

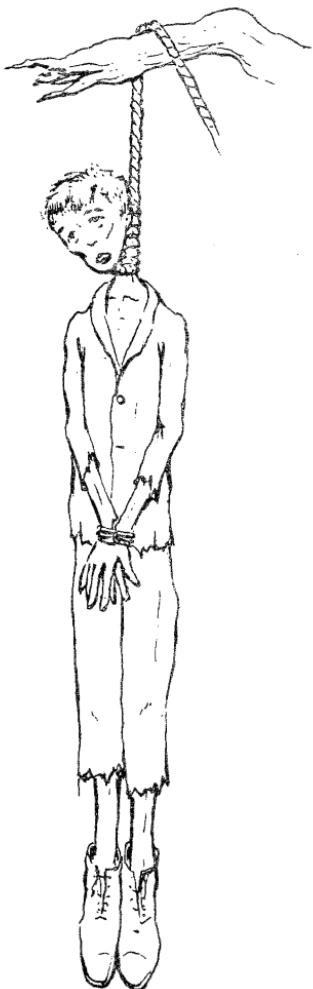
This time tomorrow

Reckon where I'll be

Down in some lonesome valley

Hanging from a wide oak tree.

Chorus



WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

*Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And he sang as he watched and he waited till his billy boiled
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"*

Down came a jumpback to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed it with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumpback in his tucker bag:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly jumpback you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong;
"You'll never take me alive," said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the billabong:
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus



WAS YOU EVER SAW

Mrs Jones had a mangle
She did turn it by the handle
She did turn it with such power
She did forty sheets an hour.

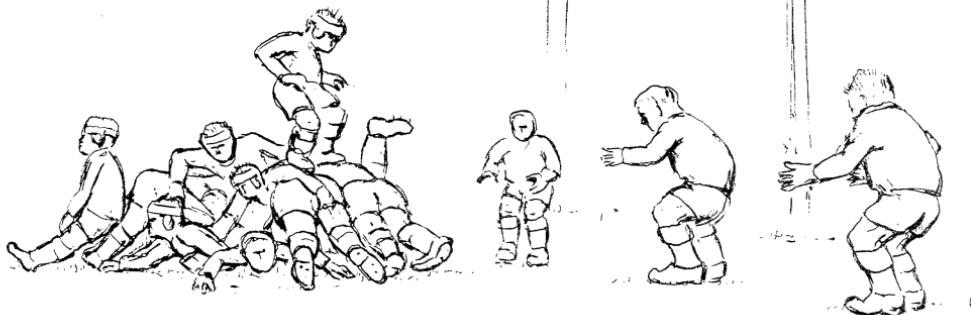
*Was you ever seen
Was you ever saw
Was you ever seen
Such a funny thing before*

Now I had a sister Martha,
Who was working in Trevartha,
But the boss he had to sack her,
'Cos he caught her chewing bacca'

Chorus

Now my second cousin Rupert
Did play full back for Newport
But while playing Abergelly
He fell down and hurt his belly.

Chorus



Was You Ever Saw (cont.)

There's a funny place called Wales
Where they sell delightful ales,
If you want to drink on Sundays
You will have to wait till Mondays.

Chorus

Now I had a cousin called Trevor
Who was very very clever
He would play upon the fiddle
Up and down the middle.

Chorus

Now I had a sister Mary
Who was working in a dairy,
But the farmer had to sack her
When she tried to milk the tractor.

Chorus

Now my elder brother Ikey
Did ride a motor bikey,
He would go from Lar to Gower
In a quarter of an hour.

Chorus



WE'LL MEET AGAIN

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.
Keep smiling through just like you always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds away.

So will you please say hello to the folks that I know,
Tell them that I won't be long, they'll be happy to know,
That as you saw me go I was singing this song -

UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALLS

There's a place in Wigan, a place you should all know
A busy little factory where things are all a-go
They don't make jakes or Eccles cakes or things to hang on walls
But night and day they work away at UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALLS.

*'Cos - UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALLS get you all a-glow
Give 'em to your granny and watch the old girl go.
Away with coughs and snivels; take a few in hand;
Suck 'em and see, you'll agree they're the best in all the land.*

My dad has always wanted curly hair upon his head.
'Try an UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALL,' that's what the doctor said.
So he got an UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALL and sucked it all night long.
When he woke up next morning, he'd hairs all over his tongue.

Chorus

We gave him some to the coalman's horse as it was stood in t'road.
It gave a cough and buggered off with its cart and load.
It ran onto the racecourse going like a bird
Covered the track with nutty slack and came first, second and third.

Chorus

My Uncle Albert passed away with ale upon the brain.
The doctor said that he was dead and might never walk again.
So we gave the corpse an UNCLE JOE'S and then stood back aghast
For the corpse got up and ran to t'pub and spent the insurance brass.

Chorus

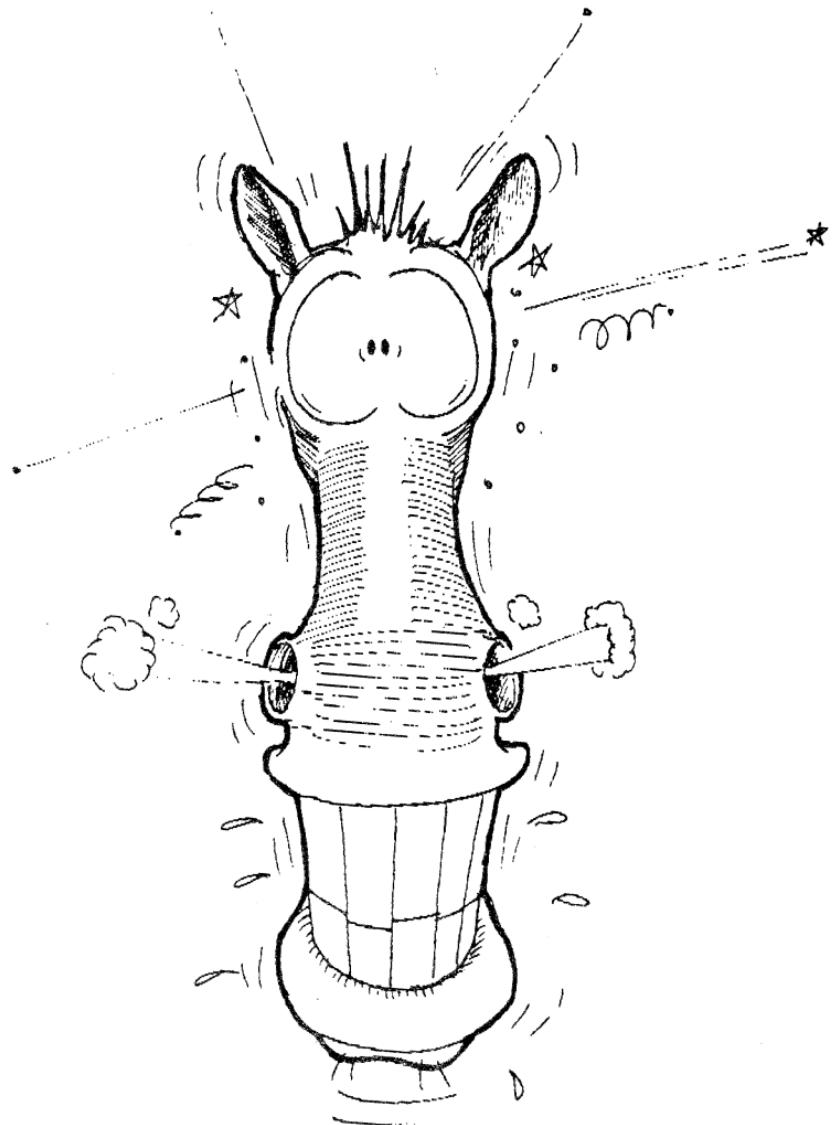
I had a girl, her name was May, in passion she was lacking.
Fed her on whisky to make her frisky and still she wouldn't get cracking.
So I gave her an UNCLE JOE'S MINT BALL to get her all a-glow
Now she walks the streets of Wigan looking for Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe's Mint Balls (cont.)

Chorus

Oh the RSPCA has bought six tons of UNCLE JOE'S
To give to all the animals to keep them on the go.
Our budgie now is six feet tall; the cat is eight foot three
And all the poor brass monkeys are as happy as can be.

Chorus



WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GREY

Since I still appreciate you, let's make love while we may,
Because I know I'll leave you, when you're old and grey.
So say you'll love me here and now, I'll make the most of that.
So say you'll love and trust me, for I know you'll disgust me,
When you're old and getting fat.

An awful debility, a lessened utility,
A loss of mobility, a strong possibility,
In all probability I'll lose my virility
And you your fertility and desirability.
Now this increasing debility and total sterility,
Will lead to hostility and a sense of futility.
So let's act with agility while there's still capability
For we'll soon reach senility and lose the ability.

Your teeth will start to go dear, your waist will start to spread,
In twenty years or so dear, I'll wish that you were dead.
My life won't be a shade, of what it is today,
So always remember, that when I leave in September,
I told you so in May.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone
Picked by young girls every one.

When will they ever learn

When will they ever learn

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing,
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago,
Where have all the young girls gone
Gone to young men everyone.

Chorus

Where have all the young men gone, long time passing,
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago,
Where have all the young men gone
Gone to soldiers every one.

Chorus

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing,
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago,
Where have all the soldiers gone
Gone to graveyards everyone.

Chorus

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing,
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago,
Where have all the graveyards gone
Gone to flowers every one.

Chorus

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your your grey mare
All along, down along, out along lee.

For I want to go to Widdicombe fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
and Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare,
All along, etc.

By Friday soon or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon
All along, etc.

But Tom Pearce's old mare had not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill
All along, etc.

And he seed his old mate a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.



Widdicombe Fair (cont.)

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, etc.

And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, etc.

Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer etc.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, etc.

Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, ghastly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, etc.

From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
From Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer,
Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon
Harry Hawk, and Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.



WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I swear I will play the wild rover no more, and it's

No-nay - never

No-nay - never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never, no more

I went in to an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit but she answered me nae,
Such custom as yours I can get any day

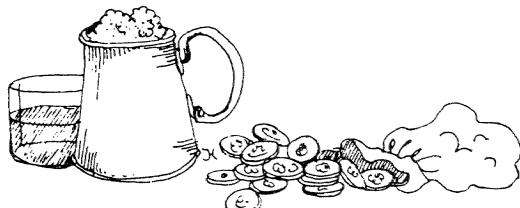
Chorus

I took from my pocket a handful of gold
And on the round table it glittered and rolled
I asked her for whiskey and beer of the best
What I told you before, it was only in jest.

Chorus

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oft times before
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus



WRAP ME UP IN A TARPAULIN JACKET

Oh had I the wings of a Turtledove
So high on my pinions I'd fly,
Slap bang to the heart of my Polly love,
And in her dear arms I would die.

*Wrap me up in a tarpaulin jacket
And say a poor duffer's laid low.
Send for six salty seamen to carry me
With steps mournful solemn and slow*

Oh then let them send for two holystones
And place them at the head and the toe
Upon them write this inscription
'Here lies a poor duffer below'

Chorus

Then send for six jolly foretop men
And let them a-rollicking go
And in heaping two gallon measures
Drink the health of the duffer below.

Chorus

WOAD

What's the good of wearing braces,
Vests and pants and boots and laces,
Spats or hats you buy in places
Down in Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten,
These affairs are simply rotten,
Better far is WOAD.

WOAD'S the stuff to show, men.
WOAD to scare your foemen.
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen,
Ancient Briton, never hit on,
Necks or knees or where you sit on,
Anything good as WOAD to fit on,
Tailors you be blowed!

Romans come across the Channel,
All wrapped up in tin and flannel,
Half a pint of WOAD per man'll
Dress us more than these.
Saxon you can waste your stitches,
Building beds for bugs in breeches
We have WOAD to clothe us
Which is NOT a nest for fleas.

Woad (cont.)

Roman keep your armours,
Saxon your pyjamas,
Hairy coats were meant for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas,
Tramp up Snowdon with your WOAD on,
Never mind if we be rained or blowed on,
Never want a button sewed on -
Go it Ancient B's.



YELLOW BIRD

Yellow Bird, up high in banana tree
Yellow Bird, you sit all alone like me
Did your lady friend leave de nest again
Dat is very sad, make me feel so bad
You can fly away, in the sky away
You more lucky dan me!

I also have a pretty gal
She not with me today
Dey all de same, de pretty gal
Make dem de nest, den dey fly away

Yellow Bird, up high in banana tree
Yellow Bird, you sit all alone like me
Better fly away in de sky away
Picker comin' soon, pick from night to noon
Black an' yellow you, like banana too
Dey might pick you some day.

Wish dat I was a Yellow Bird
I fly away with you
But I am not a Yellow Bird
So here I sit, nothing else to do.

WESTERING HOME

*Westering home and a song in the air
Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care
Laughter of love and a welcoming there
Isle of my heart, my own one*

Tell me o' lands o' the orient gay!
Speak o' the riches and joys o' Cathay.
Oh, but it's grand to waking ilk day
To find yourself nearer to Islay.

Chorus

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west,
Canty and couthy and kindly, the best,
There I would hie me and there I would rest,
At hame with my ain folk in Islay.

Chorus



WORRIED MAN BLUES

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep,
When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

(Similarly)

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
And on each link an initial of my name.

I asked the judge, now what might be fine,
Twenty-one years on the R.C. Mountain Line.

Twenty-one years to pay my awfull crime,
Twenty-one years, but I've still got ninety0nine.

The train arrived, sixteen coaches long,
The girl I love is on that train and gone.

I looked down the track as far as I could see,
Litty bitty hand was waving after me.

If anyone asks you who composed this song,
Tell him it was I, and I sing it all day long.

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